"A CHINATOWN TRAGEDY," A THRILLING PAUL PRY DETECTIVE STORY, IN THE LEDGER ISSUE OF NEXT WEEK. OUR ADVICE IS, DON'T YOU MISS IT

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For Love of Odette;

Or, RESISTLESS FATE'S DECREE

By Stanley F. Matthews

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CHAPTER IV.

WIRELESS MESSAGES.

ODETTE still owned the little farm that had been left by her father; but it was mortgaged to almost its full value, so that in reality her interest in the property was small.

It was run by an old farmer with whom the young girl lived, teaching music in the village, and spending much of her time among the scenes of her childhood.

Here she had wandered with her boy lover before Miles went away with his ship upon the world-wide cruise; and to this quiet retreat she had returned after her recent long visit with the girl friend in Washington, to await the coming of the one who was all in all to her.

She knew where the fatal treasure was secreted, but thus far she had never had courage enough to look upon the stolen diamonds; perhaps it was through fear lest even the handling of the gems might bring the curse home to her or the beloved one out upon the treacherous deep; or possibly Odette believed she would run a great risk of having her actions spied upon, and the location of the stones discovered by unscrupulous eyes.

One or two letters which she had received in answer to her carefully guarded advertisements had seemed to hint at the fact that there were persons in the United States who knew something about the story of the stolen gems; and this circumstance alarmed her.

Now what Miles suggested concerning Senor Carlos, as well as the declaration of the Brazilian himself when he was stating the case, gave her new cause for anxiety.

What would be the ultimate outcome of this strange legacy?

Could it be possible that some fortune would kindly allow her to discover the real heirs of the original owner of the diamonds —if so with what eager delight would she place the fatal packet in their hands, and wish them all happiness in the prosperity the jewels would bring.

And would that end the curse that had lain upon the stones all these years, for it had never been intended to fall upon the legitimate owners, should the stones ever be restored to the family of the moneylender.

Another thought flashed into her mind, for in spite of the efforts of Miles it seemed that she could think of nothing else but that heritage of peril that had come down through the Morris family from the ancestor who went to Brazil.

"Perhaps it may be this same Senor Rodriguez is himself a claimant for the diamonds?" she suggested, presently.

"What do you mean by sayin' that? We have already decided that after making the remarks he did he must know about them, and that they are in your possession. He wants to handle them all right, but where he can have any claim upon them is a point I'm unable to grasp. Explain yourself, little sis," pursued the other, showing by the expression on his face that he was puzzled.

"Suppose he claimed to be a lineal descendant of the money-lender?" she asked.

"All right, let him produce his proofs, and if they fill the bill we'll hand him over the plunder with alacrity, and thank him in the bargain for relieving us of a mighty unwelcome load; for I can't conceive of a more miserable condition of affairs than to have a treasure in your charge that you are afraid to touch, and which your conscience refuses to allow you to utilize, even to a penny. But, our Brazilian friend will have to show the goods. He isn't going to play any flimflam game where I'm concerned. If he thought it might be easy working upon your fears and womanly superstition, he's got another guess coming, now that Johnny has come back home. I don't imagine that was his only card, and it wouldn't surprise me if he tried to play something even more desperate. While I'm here on my furlough we must talk this thing over fully, and decide what should be done. I'm not inclined to have you stay here under the circumstances. A man like that wouldn't hesitate to even carry you off. You see he has a double purpose in it now, the securing of the diamonds and yourself as well. It begins to look to me as though Mr. Rodriguez and myself are doomed to mix up considerable in the near future, for if he tries any such thing as that I'll have his life."

"Oh! don't talk that way, dear Miles. I do hope he has gone, and that neither of us will ever see him again. I am sorry I ever encouraged him in the least; but I was so eager to gain what information I could, and on his part he seemed just as anxious to pick up points in his beloved study of genealogy. How plain it all seems now, in the light of these recent developments. All the while he has been playing a part, and trying to find out my secret. But that is locked up in my breast alone, and has never been entrusted to paper. I wish those miserable diamonds were only safe in some bank vault, where they could lie until doomsday awaiting the coming of the claimant."

"Don't worry about them, sweetheart. Later on we can bring officials here from some Washington institution which the court will have appointed as the guardian of the confounded diamonds, and allow them to dig them up and carry them away. That will relieve you from the burden for good." Miles said, soothingly, and yet with such a whimsical expression that she laughed merrily.

"Who said anything about the diamonds being buried, I want to know?" she demanded, arching her pretty eyebrows.

"Well, you admitted that they were originally, by old Abner, and I took it for granted that the custom had descended through succeeding generations. It is the habit for those who want to hide a treasure away to dig a hole in the ground and chuck it in; been so from time immemorial, and always will be. But never mind, I don't want you to share the secret with me, for the fewer who know, the less chance of discovery. Unless you betray it in your sleep some time there is not a living soul aware of the place where the stones lie at this moment. Now, I forbid you to speak of or even think any longer about those plagued diamonds. Pay some attention to poor Miles. Those things you've had with you for every hour of the last three years, while here am I, of whom you profess to be a bit fond, fairly over-shadowed in the glitter of these gems. It isn't at all fair. Tell me again how much you missed me, darling. I don't think I shall ever hear that enough."

In this strain did the returned wanderer finally manage to turn the attention of Odette from the subject that was giving her too much concern, as he saw; nor would he let her broach the subject again while they sat there together in the summer house.

Finally a big bell began to ring, whereat the girl jumped to her feet.

"Why, would you believe it, that's dinner. Is it possible we have been sitting here all of two hours?" she exclaimed.

The young man consulted his silver watch and smiled.

"There seems to be no doubt about it, for it's twelve o'clock, and that's the usual grub hour," he said.

"And I've been so selfish as to keep you to myself all this while. What will Mr. Saunders and his good wife will think? But come, we must go to the house. You will want to brush up of course. They were so anxious to see you again, too. I feel very guilty," she declared, leading the way.

The farmer was a bluff old chap, and his wife a good hearted dame, with a very motherly look; and it was very evident from the ardent way in which they greeted the wireless man that he had always been a prime favorite with them.

Over the dinner they kept Miles talking about all the time, for he had seen so many strange sights since last they met that apparently he could never fully tell the whole story.

After the meal the lovers wandered forth, this time in the direction of the barns where the cattle and the sheep were to be found; and again to the big chicken yards beyond where all manner of fancy poultry strutted and cackled; for Mr. Saunders made a specialty of turkeys, guinea hens, pheasants and pigeons for the Washington markets, his chief source of income being the sale of squabs for the tables of epicure Congressmen and diplomats.

Throughout the whole afternoon the lovers were as happy as any couple on earth.

What cared they about the great outside world and its momentous questions—to them the light that sparkled in one another's eyes, telling the story of love over and over again was of far more consequence than the fate of empires or the succession of dynasties.

And thus evening approached, veiling the landscape with the soft dreamy tones of the vesper time; Miles was unable to say whether he enjoyed this hour better than those that had gone before or not; for when the heart is in close contact with the object of its sincere adoration, each moment brings its own delight, and the whole constitutes a veritable glimpse into Paradise.

But in spite of the fact that he had debarred Odette from speaking further on the subject of the hidden treasure that had been held so long as a secret trust in the Morris family, Miles often allowed his own thoughts to wrestle with the problem, at moments when his sweetheart chanced to leave him for a brief time.

He had seen enough of the Brazilian to know that he was not a man to lightly drop any matter that profoundly interested him; and in this case he had a double motive in pursuing the matter that had engaged his attention, love and fortune.

Yes, Miles felt positive he had not seen the last of Senor Carlos.

Concealing himself he had not an atom of fear; it was in connection with the idol of his heart that he found cause for anxiety.

But he was young and stout-hearted, and the world looked very bright in his eyes, now that he had come home to his own, and could see the love-light glowing in those dear orbs that had haunted him these weary months; so Miles would not allow the possibility of impending peril to overshadow his present bliss.

They would find some way in which to checkmate the senor in his game; since right was on their side; and this was not Brazil, where many things pass that Americans never could tolerate, such is the custom of the country.

Rodriguez would speedily find himself up against a hard proposition if he tried to woo an unwilling bride.

So the buoyancy of youth disposed of the momentous question for the time being

After supper they had music and more conversation.

Mr. Saunders had brought up Miles' bag from the village station, and from its mysterious depths the wanderer brought forth the most amazing treasures, picked up abroad in the Orient — post cards by the score, illustrating the progress of the great armada around South America, California, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, China, Ceylon, and through the Red and Mediterranean Seas to Gibraltar; strange spices and perfumes, a sandalwood fan for Odette, and a pair of Chinese slippers together with a Japanese sword for Mr. Saunders, as well as glorious hued kimonos, silky webs of kerchiefs made in the Philippines from pineapple fibre, and a dozen other objects of interest.

It was a fair sample of what was happening in some thousands of other American homes about this time, when Jack came back from the cruise that would be remembered in those families as the most remarkable event that ever occurred.

With all this going on it may well be understood that Miles had little chance for thinking about the diamonds; and when the time came to say goodnight he was about as far from having arrived at any conclusion in that matter as ever.

CHAPTER V.

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

It was a beautiful night.

The moon looked down from a cloudless sky upon the slumbering world below, appearing like a lantern hung aloft by means of some invisible chain.

Miles found it a hard task to say goodnight to his beloved, and indeed, he must have repeated the fond expression many times ere he was able to tear himself away and seek his room.

Having been here many times before he was acquainted with the house and grounds about it, even to the neighboring woods, through which the path ran across the rustic bridge which had been the scene of his encounter that morning.

He could not think of sleeping yet, so opening the window of his little sleeping room he sprang over the low sill to the green turf, the apartment being situated in the lower part of the squat farmhouse.

Here he drew out a cigar and proceeded to take his ease upon a rustic bench, while contemplating the events of the day.

It is a favorite habit of lovers, this delightful self communion after having been long in the society of their sweethearts; and Miles was only made of the same material as the rest of his breed.

It was now nearly midnight, and the big moon had climbed far up the azure dome overhead.

Miles was about ready to vault back again over the window sill and seek the comfort of his couch when he found his attention attracted by something moving over near the big barns.

At first he paid little attention, thinking that of course it must be a calf or a lamb that had slipped from its fold; or possibly old Towser the faithful watchdog belonging to the farmer.

But as he idly continued to keep his eyes turned in that quarter he was surprised to see the figure of a man heave in sight.

It was the manner of his advance, rather than the fact of there being a man in the vicinity of the barns, that aroused Miles' interest; for while the farmer had hired help from time to time, no person belonging on the place would be apt to act in such a stealthy way.

After having so recently had his suspicions aroused as to the motives influencing Senor Carlos Miles thought such a movement on the part of an unknown party would bear watching.

He had a pistol in his bag, but would not take the trouble to re-enter the room in order to secure it, having the utmost confidence in his brawn and muscle to overcome any ordinary night prowler.

Perhaps after all it might be just some common chicken thief; for Mr. Saunders had complained of having been disturbed some time back by darkies bent on feathered loot, and had placed additional locks upon all his coops.

The skulking figure had now disappeared, and Miles creeping down in the shadow cast by the house and some nearby buildings was unable to locate it again.

He stood for some time motionless, listening, but though animals stirred in the barns, and fowls in the coops, he could not be positive that he heard any sound to indicate the presence of an intruder.

After another stretch had elapsed Miles began to yawn and feel sleepy.

It occurred to him that perhaps he was acting very foolish, and that the figure he had seen may have been some one connected with the farm after all; at any rate he had evidently better get some sleep, unless he wanted to look like an owl on the following morning.

Once in his room he had taken off his shoes and was about to disrobe when without warning there suddenly rang out a shriek of a woman's voice that pierced his very heart, for he believed it was Odette who thus cried.

His shoes were slipped on in a second and out of the window he sprang, believing on the spur of the moment that his prediction about the senor stealing his sweetheart away had come true, and feeling that outside the house he would have a better chance to intercept the kidnapers than within.

As he rushed around the corner of the house he collided with some one who was coming just as hurriedly the other way; and Miles apparently got the worst of the collision, for he lost his footing and fell over, with the breath knocked from his body, the head of the unknown having taken him amidships.

The young man struggled to his feet as best he might, and was just in time to see a dark figure rushing like wind across the open, and heading for the road leading through the woods.

Miles started to pursue, but he was too far in the rear, and by the time he reached the road it was to see a second form jump up and join the first, after which the two sprang into some sort of vehicle, which turned out to be an automobile, in which they chased away like mad.

Then Miles turned and ran back to the farmhouse, his mind filled with apprehension regarding the possible reason for the outcry on the part of his beloved one.

He found lights flashing about the house, as both of the Saunders had been awakened by the single outcry, and were running hither and thither endeavoring to locate the seat of the disturbance.

The farmer had thoughts alone for his precious fowls, and was about to sally forth, armed and equipped with a big duck-ing gun, when Miles called to him.

"It was Odette who screamed—what can have happened to her. Take me to her room at once, man. Nothing has gone wrong outside; your fowls are safe. Lead the way to Odette's room!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, for he feared the worst.

When they arrived, the three of them, Miles heard the girl sobbing aloud within.

At any rate, thank Heaven she was safe!

"Odette!" he cried, knocking on the door, "let us come in. We are all here, Mrs. Saunders with us too. The kimono, put on the kimono and let us in, darling."

In a moment she had evidently found heart to obey, for the key turned in the lock, and they hastily entered the room.

Odette was immediately in the motherly arms of the farmer's wife, where she continued to cry softly as though hysterical.

"What is it—what happened—why did you scream?" asked Miles, wishing he could take her in his arms himself and comfort her, she looked so distracted, with her glorious hair loose and hanging down to her waist, and her little feet peeping out from the ends of the flowered kimono.

"There was a man in my room!" she exclaimed between her sobs.

"What! in your room? Oh! if I had only had my pistol with me when I chased the scoundrel, how I would have knocked him over, the brute. Tell us about it, dear; don't cry now; we're with you, and all is safe," ejaculated Miles.

By degrees the girl recovered her self-possession.

"I was awakened by a sound, and opening my eyes saw the figure of a man in the room; for you know the moonlight peeps in at my window here. On the spur of the moment I suppose I cried out, for I remember making a sound of some sort, and seeing him plunge through the window hurriedly. I think I hid my head under the bed-clothes then, until happening to think of something I sprang up to see if it was safe, and oh! Miles it was gone!"

"Gone eh? The rascal got his miserable hands on it after all. Well, perhaps you're well rid of the blessed nuisance, darling. At any rate it need bother you no longer, and that's some comfort," said Miles, philosophically.

"But you don't understand—it was my little workbox he carried off, the one I always keep locked so that the prying eyes of a maid never see its precious contents. Oh! Miles, it breaks my heart to think they are gone, and after I had treasured them so long. How could he have been so cruel? Of what use can they be to him, to any one but me?" she exclaimed, ready to shed further tears.

"So, it was there you kept them. I don't understand, for you told me you had never set eyes on them, and would not for the world," observed the puzzled Miles.

"Why, however can you say that, when I never let a day pass without looking over my treasures. Oh! how jealously have I guarded them all these months, and to think that they are now in the hands of some ruthless thief. What could he want with them, Miles?" she demanded.

"Tell me to what you are referring, and perhaps I can answer your question," returned the other, quickly, beginning to realize that the conclusion to which he had jumped in the beginning was undoubtedly wrong.

"Why, all your dear letters, which I kept so carefully locked up in that workbox you gave me before you went away. And now they are gone, stolen, and I shall never see them again," she moaned.

As for Miles, he seemed to be taken with a sudden pain, for he doubled up and shook all over.

"What are you laughing at?" she demanded; "it may seem a little thing to you, but it means very much to me. Why should he go to all that trouble to steal my poor letters, Miles. Tell me what you see so comical about it, and don't be so heartless about it, there's a dear boy."

Miles looked up, with a queer grimace.

"Excuse me, darling, I was not laughing at you distress, for although personally I wouldn't mind if all those brilliant effusions of mine were cremated, I realize that you value them highly; but what tickles me is the thought of what a bitter disappointment awaits our good friend Senor Carlos when he breaks into that little workbox expecting to feast his eyes upon some gems of the first water, and finds instead some junk, invariably beginning with 'Darling Odette,' or 'Little Sweetheart,' and ending with 'Your devoted lover, Miles.' Wow; but there'll be a hot time in the old town when he discovers how he has slipped up in his grand game of larceny. It's hard on you, little one, but think of that staggering blow poor old Rodriguez is going to receive. Any how, I'll write you the letters all over again from my diary, bless me if I won't. So cheer up. It might have been much worse, you know."

Saunders and his good wife did not understand what all this talk referred to, but supposed the thief had stolen the locked casket under the belief that Odette kept her modest jewelry in it.

Little they suspected what a fortune lay at the finger ends of the girl, which she dared not handle.

When she had recovered from her hysterical condition, so that she even laughed with Miles over the comical picture he drew of the Brazilian's disgust upon finding only old letters where he had anticipated clutching untold wealth, they concluded they could leave her safely, though Mrs. Saunders offered to remain in the room with her the balance of the night.

Saunders procured a few more clothes besides his old dressing gown, and when Miles joined him, pistol in hand, they set out to ascertain what damage had been done; for the strange silence of old Towser gave cause for believing that the faithful watchdog had been made away with.

This proved to be the case, for the animal was found lying stiff and stark up beyond the barns, having been poisoned earlier in the evening, perhaps while they were enjoying themselves with song and laughter in the parlor.

Evidently those who had planned this foray were desperate enough for anything, and Miles saw much to give him anxiety for the immediate future in the fact that Odette had aroused both the love and hatred that dwelt in the Brazilian's breast.

Senor Carlos would not hesitate at any obstacle, once he had made up his mind upon the accomplishment of a cherished object.

CHAPTER VI.

INFLUENCE OF DOCTOR LOUISE.

There was no further alarm at the farmhouse that night.

Doubtless the gentleman from old Brazil considered it would be decidedly too risky to try again for the diamonds in such a short time.

Then again, his knowledge of Odette's habits was apparently confined to her affection for that little workbox, which she guarded so jealously, never opening the same while others were near.

How he had ever learned about this was something of a mystery, until Odette remembered a certain maid whom the farmer had taken in more from pity than anything else, as she came to the door and told a sad tale of being an orphan, so working upon the sympathies of the old couple that they had given her a home.

But Amelia had remained only a week, and then vanished as mysteriously as she came.

Nothing went with her, so there was no reason why the farmer should look her up, and hence she was forgotten.

This was only a short time back, and when Odette put on her thinking cap she could easily remember how Amelia used to take especial interest in her, often appearing at the door of her room at unexpected times, and apparently desirous of serving her.

At the time this had appealed to the young girl as particularly nice; but now that Miles pointed out the probable reason for such solicitude, she no longer felt warmly toward the waif.

Amelia had undoubtedly been sent to the place as a spy in the service of Senor Car-

And when two more days had gone by, with matters continuing along the same line, he began to feel nervous.

One week of his furlough had already passed, and when another went he must return to his ship, leaving Odette with that woman doctor for several days, if so be the madam remained her full time.

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Oronogo, Mo.—"I was simply a nervous wreck. I could not walk across the floor without my heart fluttering and I could not even receive a letter. Every month I had such a bearing down sensation, as if the lower parts would fall out. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done my nerves a great deal of good and has also relieved the bearing down. I recommended it to some friends and two of them have been greatly benefited by it."—Mrs. MAE MCKNIGHT, Oronogo, Mo.

Another Grateful Woman.

St. Louis, Mo.—"I was bothered terribly with a female weakness and had backache, bearing down pains and pains in lower parts. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regularly and used the Sanative Wash and now I have no more troubles that way."—Mrs. AL. HERZOG, 5722 Prescott Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

He anticipated that once he had gone, Odette must come fully under the spell of Doctor Louise's influence, with what result he hardly knew, save that it seemed in his intuition to be antagonistic to his interests.

Who was this remarkable woman—how did they know she was the party she claimed to be well known in Washington circles?

This startling question set Miles thinking, as he sat at the instrument, playing with the key; when a sudden inspiration set his pulses beating with anticipation.

"Why, to do it—I can get Billy at the Washington station, and perhaps he might help me out. Billy has an extended acquaintance throughout the capital, and who knows but what he may meet this same Interesting Doctor Louise. It's worth a trial, anyway; and even a failure will make matters no worse. Odette has certainly fallen under some mysterious influence connected with this woman, and I'll never be happy to go away and leave things as they are now. Well, here goes!"

CHAPTER VII.

MILES ACTS.

Miles was a master hand at his profession.

To him the mysteries of the wireless were as an open book, and there were few knotty problems connected with it that he had not had not wrestled with and conquered during his seventeen years' service in the key.

He knew considerable about the Washington office, having visited his friend Billy there every while on the way to see Odette, since he had two hours to spend in the National Capital while waiting for a train; and he believed he would have little trouble in getting into communication with the other, if he chanced to be on duty; and he figured it out that this was the night for Billy, whose shift covered eight hours at the key and twenty-four off.

Sure enough he speedily received an answer to his call, and Billy was delighted to hear from him.

Of course he demanded to know where Miles was, and what he was doing there in Virginia, also how he was he could send a wireless message from a point where there was no known station.

All this was soon explained to the satisfaction of the Washington man.

"I savy you, old man. My best girl is away out in Iowa, and every day seems to reach the limit as to how far I'd go for you" asked the obliging Billy.

"There is a woman doctor in Washington who goes under the name of Doctor Louise. Is there such a party?"

"You must mean Doctor Stanger."

"Sure, that's the name. Know her?"

"I met her once, about four months ago, at some gathering. Quite an interesting lady—by the way."

"Can you tell me what she looks like?"

"You can describe her personal appearance? That's easy, old man. She's small in figure to begin with."

"What—how small?"

"Oh, about five feet three, and slight of build."

"That's interesting—please go on, Billy. Tell you I want to know, when I see you again in a few days. It means a lot to me."

"Glad I can help you. She has fair hair—"

"Not black?"

"Fair—golden brown I think, and the biggest blue eyes you ever saw."

"Thunder! blue, you say— dead sure, Billy?"

"Take my oath on it. Didn't I look into 'em a score of times that night, for they reminded me of Maude's—Maudie is my girl, you know."

"All right, go on."

"That ought to be enough. She has a winning air about her, and I should think is as firm as you'd expect to see in any mere man. How does the description suit?"

"You've done me a great favor, Billy boy, and one I'll never forget. Hold your horses and await word from me in a couple of days. Twenty-three for mine now. So-long, Billy."

Then Miles lay back in the rough little tent he had fashioned for himself at the key under the shelter of the main house, and stared at vacancy, while his thoughts flew like mad.

It was no trick of the imagination then, his intuition of warning against this strange woman who had ingratiated herself in the family circle of the Saunders, and seemed to have such a peculiar influence over Odette.

Who was she, and why had she come here masquerading under false colors?

That there was a deep object back of all this he felt positive, and he had already decided at the bare thought of leaving his precious girl at the mercy of such an adventuress; for that the pretended woman doctor must occupy this role Miles was now certain.

It should not be, and would not be—he must find some means for outwitting her schemes, and exposing her duplicity.

At first he thought of listening to the house, and when they were all together tearing the veil from the smiling face of the masterful one; but on reconsidering the matter he realized that this might not be the best way of exposing her.

The strange influence she had already managed to obtain over the others might serve to prejudice them in her favor, and as yet he had no actual proof to show of the serious nature of his fears beyond the mere word of Billy.

Better use a little diplomacy, and meet the madam with her own weapons.

Miles had long ago learned that there are times when the safest course to pursue is to fight fire with fire; and a delay of a day would be apt to endanger the success of his plans.

He conceived an idea whereby he might have conclusive evidence to show, and in pursuance of this plan borrowed one of the farm horses to go to the village, where he knew there was a telegraph office.

An hour later found him in the dingy little railway station, listening to the boy operator tick his message over the wires.

It was addressed to the home office of Doctor Louise Stanger, and desired information as to whether the madam was at that hour in the city.

He sat there glancing over a paper and smoking while the minutes passed away until almost an hour had elapsed.

Then the operator was called and Miles, looking up read the message that came over the wires.

A grim smile crept over his sun-browned face as he caught the drift of what was coming, almost from the first word.

Doctor Louise Stanger is in the city now. Has not been out of Washington for month. Personally sends this message. Why?

The womanly curiosity at the final was only natural.

Some time later Miles fancied he would have to pay the well known woman doctor a social call, and explain what this message meant—how he owed her that little satisfaction, because of the great assistance she had lent to Odette in the way of another message.

Just now he could not waste a minute of time.

The sooner he reached Sunnyside Farm the better for his peace of mind, for it was being impressed upon his senses that Odette was in some mysterious peril through the coming of this soft tongued and mysterious woman, who had not unlected the Saunders' heavy purse strings without some strong reason back of this pretended motive.

So he hastily settled with the operator for both messages, and handing out of the office sprang upon the back of his horse and rode off at a gallop past the barn.

As he rode along Miles endeavored to fashion some sort of theory that would fully explain.

He did not doubt in the least now, that Secretary Saunders was using the attempt to discover the secret of the diamonds' hiding-place.

Since force had failed he was bringing diplomacy into play, and though he would not tear the traveler's cloak from his back, his such action would only be the natural thing for him to do if he were capable of learning where she kept the precious legacy that had been the cause of so many days of mat.

Why the woman had not attempted to steal the workbox was and always must remain a mystery; but possibly the suspicion that she felt that Odette had placed full confidence in his tool, and had positively forbidden her attempting such a coup—if a woman of her character once fastened her ambitious eyes upon a certain object no one was not very apt to allow them to go out of her keeping again in a hurry.

Of course it was the return of the night was the subject for considerable talk on the following day, as Miles could tell by questures arose as to what the Brazilian gentleman would do next.

That he was in deep earnest in his effort to possess himself of the stones had now been proven beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Mr. Saunders and his wife had to be taken into confidence by Odette—the girl's lovers, else must their wonder have consumed them with curiosity at the sight of a strange happening, and the old farmer could hardly pay any attention to his duties about the farm, or the simplest somethings come to pass at the house while he was away.

Miles pointed out one thing as settled.

Whatever was in the shadow of a cloud have had for wanting the hidden legacy, he certainly could not have the law back of him, else would he have left the matter in quite another manner.

In other words, he settled the line of thought put forth by Odette the night before, when she suggested that Miles should be a strain of the money-lender's blood in Senor Carlos, which would account for his knowledge of the affair.

Now it looked very like a case of plain blackmail on his part.

The dashing Brazilian was nothing more nor less than a soldier of fortune, who, for some manner unknown to them, had learned certain facts in relation to the existence and nature of the gems long back, and through curiosity had traced the family of Abner Saunders to the old farm.

How he done this might seem wonderful to many; but Miles knew all about the art for unearthing anything connected with treasure these human birds of prey possess, and he could readily understand how it might be done.

The fact that more than passing strange in his mind was how the fellow had learned of the story of the gems in the workbox in his native country, when all Odette's efforts to trace the descendants of the money-lender had proved futile.

Poor Towser was buried with customary honors, and the farm settled down to wonted sex; and another dog secured from the village, although Miles was thinking of one not intending to depend altogether upon canine watchfulness in the future.

Miles was taking stock of the new situation felt convinced that the tactics of the Delaney remained the same, and that from his next attempt must of necessity branch out upon some new line.

It might have been interesting to the young fellow only that the dastardly game of the Brazilian involved the safety of his heart, and her peace of mind, not to speak of her pocket-book, which meant much.

Two days passed without anything out of the ordinary happening to disturb the pleasure of the young lovers, who spent every minute of the time, being almost constantly in each other's company.

Plans for the future were gone over, and the dreary months of the past seemed more like a dream than anything else, while looking into the love-drawn picture that Odette so loved to paint.

Miles often thought of the baffled schemer, and what he might be planning next, as he must inevitably come to a man who has a bitter enemy capable of striking back, and that in no honorable attack, shrouded in mystery.

On the second day there was a new arrival at the farmhouse, the first of the summer boarders arriving; for Mr. Saunders had put his income by taking a few people from Washington into his home each year. The invitation had been sent out a week or a week previous, and offered the best of references; she was, as Miles had found out through investigating the directory and other sources of information, a well known woman doctor of the capital, who, as she said, being worn out with her winter's work felt that she must steal away to the quiet of a country retreat for a couple of weeks, and having heard of the beauties of modest little Sunnyside Farm asked the privilege of spending that length of time among them.

At first Miles was provoked that a stranger should come to disturb their happy reunion.

That was before he saw Doctor Louise Stanger.

She proved to be a lady of almost middle age, with a strong face, and magnetic manner that unconsciously drew others toward her, and which in itself would account for the large measure of success she had attained in medical circles.

Miles felt this remarkable drawing power himself, and as for Odette, the girl seemed to take to the newcomer from the start; indeed, it would seem that hardly had the madam's great black eyes met those modest grey ones before Odette became her ardent admirer—she was in the society of Madam Louise, as she preferred to be called, almost as much as in the society of Miles, and hung upon her every word as if entranced. Miles did not altogether fancy this.

He took himself to task, and vowed that it was unfair for him to feel a touch of jealousy toward a being of the other sex—that it was only right Odette should be attracted by the charm of such a lady, and that he must be satisfied to see her reasonably often—it did not suit his plans to create enmity against the one who had thus disturbed his little Eden of happiness.

And yet even when he acted a bit boorish toward the madam, she had only kindly words for the young man, expressing the utmost interest in all the future plans of the young people, and going the limit of her best to ingratiate herself in the good graces of the family from the starting fleet.

Miles spent some of his spare time, when Odette was engaged with the charming lady visitor, in practicing with the model of a wireless outfit which he had instituted at the farmhouse, and which was away on the long voyage, and which had fallen into a state of approaching collapse during his absence.

This he had been enabled to do through the kindness of the people in front of the house, and another erected on a knoll behind.

In those olden days he had even taken Odette for a ride, explaining to her the first principles of the task of sending a message, and while he was away she had amused herself in listening to the sing-song—it was simply because it was a matter dear to the heart of Miles.

When Miles had his amateur apparatus in working order he was enabled to communicate with a friend of his stationed in the navy yard at Portsmouth, and to kill time. This day, standing long heavy on all his hands, he frequently entered into quite a chat with the man, miles of territory separating them.

Doctor Louise had also succeeded in winning the regard of the good farmer and his wife, and they considered themselves fortunate to have secured such a guest to occupy their spare room so early in the season.

Miles was watching developments of things to gain the good will of Odette's lover, for which end he considered it best not to seem to influence him with a sense of her interest in his fortunes, and the bright future opening before him.

It was just as if she had a deep object in view, and Miles was suspicious, inclined to add him to the list of her admiring subjects.

He was not sure of this, but he was not so sure about the motive.

It might be natural vanity in a charming widow to delight in being surrounded by a circle of admirers, and one discordant note in the symphony spoiled the whole for her; but Miles began to suspect there might be more than met the eye about it, especially when one day he happened to see the peculiar look she shot after Odette as she left the room, with a persuasive wave of hand to please go into the house and bring from her room a certain little box that contained some curiosity she was desirous of having the company examine, and the triumph if ever Miles had seen such an expression flit over a human face.

Why should the woman feel such exultation because of the apparent influence she had gained over the mind of the young girl, who took the keenest delight in doing any little service for the woman she admired?

This appeared to be a little thing, but it was giving our young sailor considerable food for thought.

But the gentle rays of the sun, growing more and more powerful, began to throw it aside; and so it was that cunning and scheming came between that which violence had failed to bring about.

He could see but one possible manner in which Odette could be made to win the goal of their ambition, and this was through the possession of the diamonds.

The dashing Brazilian had exerted his fascinations for all they made a complete picture of the game; then he had tried to steal the treasure, and again did he attempt to win the prize, only to end in disappointment; and following up his line of tactics he had brought outside forces to bear upon the matter.

What could they bring to do?

Was it an abduction they meant to attempt—would this spy in the household send them word as to when and her accomplice appear upon the scene to bear the young girl away, and hold her a prisoner until such time as she would divulge to them the secret of the hiding place for the gems for which they schemed?

How Miles' blood boiled at the thought! He could hear in fancy the dashing Senor Carlos at about that moment, it were very possible that the Brazilian's friends in Washington would have some difficulty in keeping him from the scene of his love, and him; for every nerve in the body of the wireless man was thrilling with eagerness to pay the debt he owed Rodriguez, with full interest.

Then the answer he approached Sunnyside Farm the more this condition of nervousness increased, and he could scarcely wait until he was laying the whip alongside the lean flanks of the nag after a fashion that would have caused a groan before, and causing him to show bursts of speed that the animal had never before suspected that could Mr. Saunders have witnessed the operation.

At last he came within sight of the farm.

Thundering over the rustic bridge he involuntarily cast a glance down at the pond where the gallant foreigner had made his debut on that other occasion; and Miles gritted his teeth as he vowed that the next time he and Senor Carlos came to hand grips the other would have more reason to remember the meeting than a mere plunge into a chilly bath with his best clothes on.

Eagerly he looked this way and that as he came onto the farm grounds; but if he hoped to discover Odette somewhere about, feeding the pigeons perhaps, as was her wont at this hour before dusk, he was doomed to disappointment, for there was no sign of the dainty figure.

Mr. Saunders was busy at his chicken coops, and Miles had no time just then to stop and enter into conversation with the genial old farmer; but throwing the bridle over a post, he hurried away toward the house.

His manner was so tragic that the farmer gazed in amazement, and then shaking his head came trotting after, sure that there must be something in the wind to cause the other to frown so blackly.

Women do not monopolize the entire stock of curiosity in the world, all sayings to that effect to the contrary; and Farmer Saunders "wanted to know" just as much as if he hailed from the sovereign State of Missouri.

Miles reached the house, and as he hastily entered, his fears increasing in volume the closer he approached the crisis, he ran across the farmer's wife in the hall.

"Where's Odette?" he demanded in a low but fierce tone.

"Lands sake alive, what's happened now?" she cried, noting his excited looks.

"Never mind, please; where's Odette?" he repeated, frowning.

"Up with Doctor Louise in her room. She has been there an hour or so," replied the good wife, her fears beginning to take on life.

"Come with me—I have something to tell that you should hear; and there is Mr. Saunders now—both of you follow me, please."

He was lost no more time but ran up the stairs.

He knew where the room was situated and passing along the hall he reached the door, which for some reason was closed, and here it ajar, perhaps because Doctor Louise feared it would seem strange if she shut herself up with the young girl, especially when there seemed to be no reason to expect that Mr. Saunders would not join in the conversation.

And as Miles Hamilton looked through that opening he was staggered at what his eyes fell upon; and in that moment the whole extent of the base plot to win a first tune was revealed to him.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will find it full and captivating from end to end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy and if you want your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Be Careful of Your Eyes.

To preserve the sight unimpaired, as well as the beauty of the eyes, the laws of health should be strictly observed. Too strong light, as well as profound and long-continued darkness both predispose the eye to the various maladies, some of them very serious. Especially are sudden transitions from darkness to light, and the reverse, injurious to the eyes. The pupil of the eye expands in darkness, and if it be suddenly exposed to a bright light, contraction only will take place readily, pain of the retina may ensue, with consequent blindness. The sudden transition from light to darkness is attended with less serious, but no less certainly injurious consequences. The pupil, on coming at night from the snow or the sand, or from any brilliant surface, is in consequence of glaring or of dark colors in the rooms where much of the time is spent, dilated, and the nerves receiving objects, all are injurious to the sight.

Soft tints are most pleasing and most beneficial to the eyes, while the full color most favorable to the eye, as it exercises the muscles by moving without looking them, while black or very dark colors maintain them in a state of inactivity. The undressed use of the eyes, and especially in an artificial light, is very hurtful to them; and the few minutes' rest which it is necessary to give them occasionally to avoid excessive fatigue, is nothing lost of time compared with the time gained during which they will remain serviceable.

On awakening in the morning the eyes should not be exposed suddenly to a bright light. A few moments should be allowed to elapse to accustom them to the half light of the bedroom, before drawing up the blinds and admitting the full light of day. The habit of rubbing the eyes in the morning, or at any other time, is attended with obviously bad consequences unnecessary to specify.

Too much sleep and too little sleep are both alike injurious to the eyes; the former debilitating them through the prolonged inaction in which it keeps them, while the lack of sleep causes hurtful fatigue and distress.

For Breakfast—

Post Toasties

with cream or milk.

The smile that follows will last all day—

"The Memory Lingers."

Sold by Grocers.

Pkgs. 10c. and 15c.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Pickled Peppers

THE COLLEGE GIRL'S PIE.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make pie, mamma,
So's going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose—
So give me a gram of phosphate
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now, give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the sinistic oven's cold
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Now, pass me the neutral dope, mamma,
And rotate the mixing machine,
But stop to mix the sterilized water first
And the oleomargarine.
And the phosphate, too, for now I think
The new typewriter's quiet
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his brain a bit.

What They Did Not Obey.

The African king was showing me his troops of amazons—tall, broad-shouldered, robust-looking women, who carried their weapons with the grim familiarity of warriors that knew how to use them with determined and deadly effect.

"Are they brave?" I asked his majesty.

"They're the bravest of the brave," he answered, proudly.

"And do they obey orders?" I inquired.

"Yes, that is, all but one order," he said, with some hesitation.

"And what order is that?" I pressed him.

"Silence in the ranks!" he replied in a tone that indicated his realization of the fact that disobedience of this order was inevitable.

How About It?

"Something is wrong with our modern country life."

"What now?"

"Sure. Up-to-date farmers take more interest in a squatty automobile shed than they do in a big barn."

To Escape the Laugh.

Lole Fuller told a story about her class of dancing children.

"I gave the children a party last year," she said, "and when the pudding came on I said to them:

"'I have put in this pudding a coin, a little china doll and a button. Whoever gets the coin will be rich. Whoever gets the doll will be married before the year is out. But whoever gets the button will be an old maid.'

"The pudding disappeared rapidly, and the little girls soon found the coin and the china doll. But the button did not turn up. No one got the button. This amused me.

"That night I said to my favorite little girl, as we sat alone by the fire in my room:

"'I can't understand what became of that button. I put in the pudding myself.'

"'I'll tell you,' the little girl confessed, turning rosy with confusion, 'I got the button. I didn't want everybody to laugh at me—tho I thwallowed it.'"

Hypnotism Failed.

When Daysey Mayme Appleton returned recently from a party where the influence of several mind readers one had been the evening's entertainment, and told her mother how girls with their minds bent on one thought had made a man stand on his head, another man at their silent command had tried on a woman's hat, and another man had tried to eat water with a fork, it put a suggestion into Mrs. Lysander John Appleton's brain. That evening when Lysander John came home his wife and four daughters sat in a circle with their hands covering their faces and their heads bowed. To all his inquiries they said nothing, and at last, fearing they had gone mad, he sent for the doctor. "We concentrated our minds on the thought that Lysander John must give us $5 each, and instead of that we have a dozen bills to pay," sobbed Mrs. Appleton, "and they said it would be particularly easy to work it if the man's mind was a blank."

Her Rights.

In Washington some years ago there was a colored woman who demanded all that was due her, and more. During a period when less care was given to the water supply than is now the case the colored woman accosted a man who was just leaving the district government buildings. "Mistuh," she said, "I wants to see de city engineer."

"I am not a lawyer, aunty."

"Tain't no law case. I jes' wants to see somebody. I jes' wants to know what my rights is in relation to gittin' water.

"You see any of the clerks here, if it's Government business."

"I ain't got no office o' paper to shove in at de window so's to get noticed. But I'll be'n payin' taxes all my life."

"What's the trouble?" was the kindly inquiry.

"I ain't gittin' proper 'tention. Ev'y once in a while I hyahs it read out o' de paper dat somebody is take down sick wid de typhoid. I—"

"Well, an eel is a very cleanly sort of creature. It doesn't do any harm."

"You don't git me. I'm talkin' 'bout 'em, did you? De case I wants ter lay befo' de Government is dis: I pays extra rent to kiver de water tax. De Lawd knows it is my back yard fob fohteen years, an' I am nobber got no eel yit.

"What I wants ter know is, how does dey 'stribute dem eels? Is dey prize or is dey favorfums or what is dey? If dar's any eels comin' ter me I's hyah wif my basket, ready ter take dem home, case we ain't got no money to buy meat, an' we's kin' of hungry fob feehs, anyhow."

Like Some Other Epitaphs.

"I was called by a well-dressed old merchant the other day," a Boston lawyer remarked, smiling. "He wanted me to draw his will, and this I proceeded to do, following his verbal instruction. Presently he said:

"'To each and every clerk who has been in my employ continuously for ten years I give $10,000.'

"This seemed like a considerable sum to me, and I ventured a slight protest, as he had a number of daughters and his entire fortune was not large.

"'Oh, that's all right,' he said, with a little crooked smile, 'I've got people that always said that I was close and hard, and I want them to think well of me when I'm gone.'

"I was a little touched, and said something, but he waved it aside and we continued with the draft. When it was finished and as I was about to take the office, the old fellow smiled again his little crooked smile.

"'About those $10,000 legacies,' he said, 'there isn't a clerk in my place who has been with me over ten years—but it will look well in the papers!'"

The Real Reason.

Rushing wild-eyed from the auditorium, th policeman did not stop until he reached the center of the block, when he blew his whistle with all the strength at his command. Instantly there was a chorus of hasty warning, he waited until a patrolman arrived.

"Send in a riot call, he gasped, and the second man hurried to the call box.

"Call the reserves, too," he yelled, and the alarm was sent in.

Hardly a minute had elapsed when a patrol wagon with a detail in charge of a sergeant arrived, a moment later a hose wagon and an aerial truck, followed by their engine, dashed up.

"What's the trouble?" demanded the sergeant, rushing to the policeman, who seemed unable to stand.

"Two suffragettes are fighting in there," he replied, and fainted.—Judge.

Reproving Baby.

Recently, in a cosy South End home, I saw a little scene that was enacted that pleased me immensely. A mother was striving to finish a long baby petition, a request that made a man stand on his head, another man at their silent command had tried on a woman's hat, and another man had tried to eat water with a fork. It put a suggestion into Mrs. Lysander John Appleton's brain. That evening when Lysander John came home his wife and four daughters sat in a circle with their hands covering their faces and their heads bowed. To all his inquiries they said nothing, and at last, fearing they had gone mad, he sent for the doctor. "We concentrated our minds on the thought that Lysander John must give us $5 each, and instead of that we have a dozen bills to pay," sobbed Mrs. Appleton, "and they said it would be particularly easy to work it if the man's mind was a blank."

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GREAT Order FULTON by Mail UNEQUALED

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Write for our book, "A Fair Customer," and price list—sealed

thinks embroidery is necessary, while close in a crib the 3-months-old youngster, who was eventually to wear the garment, was howling most lustily for parental help.

Ethel, a golden-haired little girl of 7 years, philosophically sized up the situation that a mother could not embroider a petticoat and toss up babies at the same time, so she approached the crib with great importance and addressed the crying baby sister:

"Katherine, you must stop crying. We're all members of the church, and we're glad because we are. We want you to be a member of the church. Mama is making you a petticoat so as you can go to church next Sunday, and if it isn't done you can't be a member of the church."

Seeing Things.

"Madame," said Prof. Snooks, "I refuse to sleep in that room."

"What is the matter with that bed?" inquired the landlady.

"You seem to forget, madame," replied the professor, "that I am a botanist, not an entomologist."

Girls Guessed Wrong.

Two young women employed in the office of U. S. Marshal Hy Davis dropped into a restaurant for luncheon.

A man came in, and as the only vacant place in the room seemed to be at their table he asked if he might sit there. Of course they couldn't do anything else but tell him yes.

He began to look over the menu, paying little heed to the girls, but that rather pleased them, for it showed that he was none of the fortune-hunting kind that one sees so often these days.

At last he spoke. "Let's each order a good hearty meal, girls," he protested. "I think one should eat well at noon, don't you?"

He said it in such a polite, gentlemanly way, without any effect to be fresh, that they accepted. Each ordered just about four times as much as her usual noonday portion.

When they had finished the polite stranger picked up his check—just half—waited to the cashier's desk and paid for his meal, and strolled out.

Legally Better Off.

The creditors of the ancient king had become so importunately insistent that he resolved to put them where they could trouble him no more. So he invited them to great banquet. And when they had feasted and drunk of his prepared wine he instructed his servants to convey them to his deepest dungeons. And the next morning, when he went down to learn whether his servants had done his bidding and his creditors raised their voices and entreated to be set free. But he remonstrated with them, saying:

"My friends, you have no just cause for complaint. Are you not better off, in the eye of the law, than ever before? Any lawyer will tell you that a secured creditor is an exceptional creature." Then he left them and went on his gladsome way, happy in the knowledge that he could at last go through his dominions without being dunned.

A Polish Marriage.

A Polish couple came before a justice of the peace to be married. The young man handed him the marriage license and the fee, and stepped aside.

"Join hands," said the justice of the peace.

They did so and the justice looked at the document, which authorized him to unite in matrimony Zachewina Perczynski and Leokowanda Jesilinski.

"Are you ready," said, "Zacha—h'm—h'm—ski, do you take this woman," etc.

"Yes, sir," responded the woman.

"Leo—h'm—kowanda, do you take this man to be," etc.

"Yes, sir," responded the woman.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife," said the justice, glad to find something he could pronounce; "and I heartily congratulate you both on having reduced those two names to one!"

YE OLD BOOTJACK.

The old oaken bootjack—the nail-studded bootjack,
The bootjack that hung under grandfather's bed.
How well we remember the tramp cats it wouldn't shed—
The tramp cats that wailed to the moon overhead,
The stray dog that howled and the cocks on the haystack
Broke grandfather's slumber and filled him with rage,
And he hurled the old bootjack, the nail-studded bootjack,
But alas! It has passed like the boots of his age.

Relief for the Impoverished.

"I've just thought of a brand-new philanthropy," said Mr. Dustin Stax.

"What is it?"

"I'm going to found a home for ex-billionaires who impoverished themselves by donations."

GETTING THE BEST.

Sometimes when you are tired and hot,
Have stroked the strain all day,
Have worked and worked an awful lot,
You'd love to go away
Where meadow grass is to your knees,
Or, maybe, to a wood,
And sprawl and listen to the breeze,
You'd go, too, if you could.

But, man, when you have harshly rubbed
Against the world all day,
When toes and feelings have been stubbed
And everything looks gray,
No winds, no grasses and no wood,
No thing is worth a speck
To rest you, or is half so good
As two arms round your neck!

Grass is all right, trees are all right,
All right a cloudless sky,
And bushes whispering at night
As winds go fumbling by,
And rivers running to the sea;
Sweet is the shady wood
And the humming of the bee—
When one is feeling good.

But when misfortune turns your way
And everything goes wrong,
If, at the closing of the day
Your baby sings a song
And laughs and cuddles up to you,
You'll laugh at fortune's shove.
I tell you, when you're feeling blue
There's nothing helps like love.

FREE DEAFNESS TREATMENT.

A remarkable offer made by one of the leading specialists who offers FREE TRIAL MEDICINES to all applicants. His new treatment has created scores of chronic cases of deafness, catarrh, head noises and similar troubles, some other treatments have failed to benefit. Send no money. Address O. M. Branaman, M. D., 33 Dunlap Building, Kansas City, Mo.

REVISED TO DATE.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Of the Bird-in-aeroplane
And, as he gazed upon the wreck,
His tears dropped down like rain.

Because not of the flames he wailed,
But made his grief resound
Because the ship had never sailed
An inch above the ground.

SLOW AND FAST.

Kirkenhammer Lake launch
That went so very slow
That it with all its power turned on,
Could hardly make it go.

But when, with a financial wand,
He turned it into cash,
He made it go so fast that he
Was ruined in the crash.

On the Job.

Gunner—Burglars caught an Indiana poet and locked him up in an icebox while they rifled the premises.

Guyer—Great Scott! Did he lose much?

Gunner—No; he gained. Poets never have valuables and while he was in the icebox he wrote a Christmas poem. You know the magazines are working on their Christmas numbers these sultry days.

Pride.

"Show me a couple of diamond necklaces—I'd like to buy one for my wife."

"About what price?"

"Well, I want the price to be so that I can say to everybody, 'See that lady there with the necklace? That's my wife.'"

ONE OF TEN.

Beside a snapping turtle strayed
A little, unsuspecting maid.
Her screams bare, long days were there,
No friendly voice replied.
Then, while through the unpitying air
Wild shrieks rang out, shrieks of despair,
That turtle—oh, how did he dare?—
Held to one little toe for fair.

UNEXPECTED.

A host of summer girls I've met,
And all of them my interest shared,
But so bewitching was Linette
That I to her my soul declared.

In no suspense the charmer kept me,
But I am sad beyond all reason—
What made a summer girl accept me
So very early in the season!

Sleep's Antiweight. Effect.

The Landlord—Where did you put those two heavyweights from Indianapolis?

The New Clerk—In room 3247, sir.

The Landlord—Great Scott! Don't you know that's the room with the rickety bed that's forever breaking down?

The New Clerk—Yes, sir, but there's no danger of its breaking down with them, sir. They said they were both light sleepers.

An Airship Mystery;

Or, The Strange Story of Gloria

BY WELDON J. COBB

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CHAPTER X.
TO JOHN COMPANY.

CLYDE DARRELL was immeasurably interested in the national disclosures of Daniel Chester, startled, too. The last statement that hidden away on some lonely mountain peak lay a large fortune in which Gloria, the peerless Gloria, might be interested, woke the most lively emotions in the mind of her young man.

"This is a remarkable story," he said.

"And a true one," responded Chester. "Later if you and I come together as to my plans, as I hope we will, I shall go into the more exact details. For the present let it go at this."

"I am positive that under the stress of some vast delusion and actuated by an extraordinary fear, my brother went to the most fantastical extremes in finding a safe hiding place for the money. His letter indicates how he had it here, there, in all kinds of places out of the ordinary way, to unsettle it again, such as his weak and vacillating mind directed, seek some new spot where he believed it would be safer and more secure. His last effort caused his death. From what his last letter to me stated, he received fatal injuries in falling out of a balloon."

"A balloon!" exclaimed Darrell, with a violent start, and immediately and naturally he set once thinking of the airship episode of the preceding evening.

"Yes," asserted Chester. "His letter tells circumstantially how he purchased a balloon, how he learned to operate it, how he at last sailed away from the air and landed on a lone mountain peak. He described it, and he described its surroundings, but the exact location geographically he did not seem able to specialize, I think, for of the task letting it go from out of a balloon."

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"Here was I," proceeded the old man, "faced with a complex and difficult problem, to find a mountain peak among a thousand, to ransack a continent in quest of a mountain splendidly described and its surroundings as well, but likely to take futile efforts and years to locate. From that time till the present my labors day and night have been to narrow down my investigations and discoveries. I have written all over the United States, I have been in correspondence with numberless explorers, travelers, scientific men. Foot by foot I have gone over the Rocky Mountain range. I have even had my adopted daughter, Ruth, at colleges immediate information she gathered up written in other languages."

"And the result?" inquired Darrell.

"A weak sign," explained Chester. "I had grouped together all the data. I deemed valuable, and discarded what I considered vague and useless. The boiled down mass of all my efforts was contained in part in yonder chest."

"Too bad!" exclaimed Darrell, in deeply regretful tones. "I have, indeed, caused you great loss."

"Tush—no great delay," corrected Chester, "for I have fortunately saved all the original data from which the results or condensations in the chest were acquired. What there is before me now, is to test my memory and go over the same old ground. Will you help me?"

"Willfully, gladly," replied Darrell fervently.

"You are a young man, you tell me, with no special life work before you. There are no amends you can make me for my loss except to cooperate with me. I have no money to pay you, for my resources have become circumstantially nil. I have a proposition to make you: You are years younger, your mind is quicker than mine. Tomorrow I will know more in detail the exact description of the mountain where my brother left the bulk of his fortune. I will narrowed it down to a half-dozen locations. The rest of the work is to compare points in proximity to a central mountain peak. Perhaps some journeys would be necessary, but I am somewhat frail. Finally I shall decide upon the right spot where my own will come to me."

"I hope so, I believe so," spoke Darrell earnestly. "And when you have decided on the right spot?"

"Then to reach it."

"But it may be some inaccessible height? Your brother gained it through the unusual and extraordinary means of a balloon."

"My friend," the old man replied in an impressive and confident tone of voice, "I have selected the medium for conveyance and to the treasure spot when the ultimate moment arrives."

"The airship," murmured Darrell to himself, and then aloud: "Well, sir, it is a just compact, and, a willing one for me. I am at your service unreservedly."

The old man beamed with pleasure and satisfaction in his eyes.

"Listen," he said. "You will become my assistant, my secretary, my friend. Together we will delve in harmony in quest of the key to this mystery. When we have accomplished the grand result, I shall reward you."

"Not one word of that," demurred Darrell interruptingly. "I owe you a large debt; I have no money with which to repay it. Therefore, being a man of honor, I bind myself to you for a faithful service, your employee, as they wrote it in the old days. 'Bound to John Company,' till one year from date."

They grasped hands solemnly on the compact. There was enthusiasm in the eyes of the young man, trustfulness in the relieved and hopeful glance of Daniel Chester.

"Come to the house, we will have breakfast," spoke the old man cheeringly.

Gloria stood on the porch as they approached. She scanned them searchingly and anxiously.

"Daughter," spoke Chester simply, "Mr. Darrell will remain with us permanently."

"Yes, Miss Chester," added Clyde Darrell with a pleasant smile, "I have hired out to your father for one year."

CHAPTER XI.
THE SIMPLE LIFE.

"I hope you are pleased, Mr. Chester."

"I am eminently satisfied."

Clyde Darrell flushed with pleasure, and his venerable employer's sincerity and delight in his excited face.

The young man's mind had been a guest in the household at Rose Cottage, and it had seemed to him like a joyous dream in some rare earthly paradise.

When Mr. Chester had accepted him as a companion, duties to inform had been set in full trustfulness, and his confidence in his young employer's ability to execute the days went on.

Darrell had set all his energies at work from a genuine motive to make amends for the precious documents he had unwittingly destroyed. He had given up his plans for going further west from Denver and sailed back immediately.

Of course there were many influences that made it seem like an oasis in life to him with the eccentric old man, whose strange story had aroused all the romance and chivalry in the young man's nature.

For one thing Darrell believed in Chester. His story was supported by his conditions and simple. He had at once accepted the statement as a fact that there was behind him of a quarter of a million dollars had been hidden away on some lonely mountain peak. He believed implicitly in the old man's intelligence and patience there was a chance of locating it.

The presence of Gloria had been the greatest element in influencing him to join

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ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Cheer up! It will be cooler in December.

Sunny-faced people seldom possess shady characters.

A girl thinks it romantic to be married—until she is.

Give some men rope enough and they will hang you in.

We all have our good points, but so has a paper of pins.

Men make up their minds, women make up their faces.

Many a man who looks like 20 cents can't even raise a nickel.

It's pretty tough on the oldest inhabitant if the good die young.

His Satanic majesty holds the mortgage on many a rich man's property.

A woman adds a postscript to her letter in order to get in the last word.

Some parents train their children in the way they should go by hiring it done.

Many a man has a kick coming because his mule wasn't born an automobile.

It's difficult for a girl to cultivate her voice and her friends at the same time.

A man's wife is never more economical than when she buys his socks and ties.

No, Alonzo, a man isn't necessarily a coward because he is afraid of a woman.

It takes all kinds of people to fill up the world, but there are too many of some kinds.

The other fellow's advice may turn out all right if you mix a little common sense with it.

Did you ever notice how the taint get's off money when you lay your own hands on it?

While Jeffries did not come all the way back, he came far enough to get hold of a fortune.

For some time questions addressed to Jeffries will mainly relate to the condition of the alfalfa crop.

If a girl with a dimple still retains it five years after marriage it's proof positive that her marriage wasn't a failure.

While a woman with nine children would be justified in having an occasional fit of the blues, she hasn't the time to indulge.

A contest by aeroplanes is different from a prize fight in that a big wind interferes with the proceedings.

Set all the thieves to catching thieves and about one-half the world would be continually chasing the other.

Day by day more banks are getting into the mood to adopt the original little advocates of the postal-savings system.

Any man who makes up his mind to fight for his rights will have a fight on his hands until the undertaker is summoned by his sorrowing relatives.

You can never tell how a summer girl looked at the breakfast table by the way she looks when she occupies a hammock late in the afternoon.

Chief Horan very properly objects to the secondary fireworks, consisting of blazing houses, which the firecrackers and skyrockets touch off.

(Continued from page five.)

girl some kind, brotherly cheer. Gloria came nearer and tenderly caressed her sister. Ruth shivered slightly.

"Mr. Darrell, will you hurry above the bridge and bring some of the wraps there?" asked Gloria.

Darrell sped away for the spot indicated. He found a light shawl and was about to return, when a folded note lying on the grass attracted his attention.

It was directed to Gloria, but he opened and read it at once. Its contents confirmed his suspicions. It was from the brief heartbroken wail of a soul in distress, and it told the devoted sister that when she returned Ruth would have bidden farewell to all the cares and troubles of life.

Darrell thrust the note into his pocket and rejoined the sisters, his face a shade more grave and troubled than usual. A serious situation had come about. For a second time he felt himself compelled to hide the truth from Gloria Chester. When he had first come to Rose Cottage he had not intended to tell her of his mission to her sister. Far more reluctant was he now to divulge the contents of the note with its terrible secret.

Knowing Gloria as the soul of honor and truth, it cut him to the heart to act with duplicity toward her. He knew that her true nature would shrink from a falsehood in others, although all his impulses were pure and noble somehow he felt that while he was acting to shield Ruth he was weakening the trustfulness of Gloria.

Ruth was soon in a fairly comfortable condition through their tender and persistent ministrations. She seemed afraid to meet her sister's eye. Darrell took advantage of a moment when Gloria was a little distance away to whisper to Ruth:

"Dear young lady, I found your note. It shall be destroyed. It would break your sister's heart to know the truth."

Ruth clasped his hand weakly but in gratitude, and burst into tears.

"Try and forget all this, all the past," continued Darrell, rapidly, for Gloria was now approaching them. "When you are a little stronger I have something to tell you."

They got Ruth to the house without meeting Mr. Chester, as Darrell had wisely planned. She did not come down to the supper table that evening. The old servant explained to Gloria later that Ruth needed her by her side. The meal passed in silence. Mr. Chester was evidently in thought, and about the fortune and strolled toward the village, alone at last with Darrell, Gloria took a rustic seat in the garden, feeling disturbed over the exciting incidents that had come with his many thoughts, and decidedly lonely and longing for the usual companionship of her brother.

He was watching the stray beams of moonlight that broke over the garden, when Gloria came out into the garden. She advanced toward him somewhat timidly.

"How is Miss Ruth?" he inquired, as he made a place for Gloria on the seat.

"She is resting easily," answered Gloria, in a subdued tone. Then as if from an irresistible impulse she uttered a trembling hand on the arm of her companion.

"Mr. Darrell," she said, leaning slightly in her beautiful eyes, "I have come down to thank you for what you have done this day for my sister, for myself."

He thrilled at the close contact of her loving form. She warm soft breath fell upon him, and her lips intoxicated him. Her eyes dazzled him. He swayed in a surge of emotion, swept in love so fervent that he could scarcely control himself.

"I can never repay you," she continued. "You have been all of kindly thoughtfulness for this household ever since you came here. Today you have saved my sister's life. Oh, how can I thank you enough?"

She did not need to ask. Her eyes burning down into her own asked a mute question she could not misunderstand. She read the silent prayer in the earnest, loving face. In all the womanly strength of her great nature Gloria was swayed. She bent toward Darrell. The light of joy illumined his face.

A sigh pure and holy as a hosanna came from Gloria's lips. A kiss, a caress, the token of love reciprocal—this was what his thirsty soul craved for, and it was his. Yet he did not meet the face bearing his own. He felt that with Gloria it was the sacrifice of gratitude.

He placed his lips against her pure white forehead and touched it with a kiss of infinite reverence and respect.

Her great womanly soul recognized the delicacy of a man who, manly in love, refused to take advantage of a moment when sisterly affection momentarily cast aside its natural reserve.

Flushing deeply, yet with infinite gentleness in her voice and eyes Gloria touched his hand and left him with a murmured: "Thank you."

A great joy surged into the heart of Clyde Darrell as he followed her with de-

"You have saved her!"

voted eyes, for he knew that he was beloved.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUTH.

"I must see you alone—I must see you at once."

Ruth Chester almost whispered the words. It was late in the afternoon, about a week subsequent to her rescue from a watery death.

That week had been one of strain and indebtedness to Clyde Darrell, and he was glad that its wearing monotony was broken by action on the part of the sick girl that promised some enlightening developments.

She had come to the summer house, where he had been working over some documents pertaining to the lost fortune. He was all alone, and stealthily, timidly she had approached, with many a startled glance in the direction of the house.

"I am at your service, Miss Chester," spoke Darrell quickly.

"Gloria is going to the town about dusk," hurried on Ruth. "Father will be busy in the library. Will you—will you come here as soon as Gloria goes away?"

Darrell replied with a quick assent, and feigned unconcern as he went to his work. Gloria herself appeared at that moment. She regarded Darrell and her sister closely, and then Ruth turned away from the sister and summer house, wound her arms affectionately around her and led her to the cottage.

Ruth had recovered from her perilous plunge into the watery depths of which she had been kept closely from her father. That event somehow seemed to arouse the sick girl to a measure from her old lethargy. She was not more cheerful, but her physical activity was greater. She no longer remained for hours in a dreamy weakness of body and mind, but wandered about restless and uneasy, and as Darrell knew, unhappy.

Apparently Gloria did not suspect that her sister had attempted suicide. She watched her closely, however, kept near to her, and hoped that her new mood of nervousness and activity was a forerunner of actual convalescence.

Between Gloria and Darrell the old relation had matured. If that supreme moment of love when the barrier between them had been broken down for a single moment filled the heart of the young man always with joy and fervor, he did not impose upon the situation. He believed that Gloria loved him, at least regarded him with something more than mere friendly or sisterly affection. Amid her constant anxiety for her sister, however, Darrell felt that it was not the time to press his suit. Then, too, he was a mere penniless assistant of her father. There was the Chester fortune to recover before he could think of marriage. So he hoped and loved on, tender, thoughtful, respectful to Gloria, who flushed sometimes when she found herself alone with him. He never referred, however, to that pure holy kiss of love in the moonlight which was the golden treasured memory of all his life.

It was difficult for Darrell to concentrate his mind on his work the rest of that afternoon. He felt that Ruth had something of importance to communicate to him that would lead to a crisis in her affairs, perhaps in those of the entire family. Darrell realized that he had won the confidence of Ruth during the hour at Rose Cottage. He had been kind to her in many small courtesies, and the culminating act of his devotion in saving her from drowning would impress any woman. The few quick hopeful words he had spoken to her after recovering the note that had escaped the attention of Gloria, had created a certain bond of confidence between them. He believed that the poor girl was wearing her heart away in her sorrowing love, her secret troubles, longing for a confidant to whom she could unburden her soul, and she hoped she might tell him all and allow him to help her if he could.

After supper Mr. Chester went to the library and was soon engrossed in his work there. Ruth had not retired. Gloria directed the old servant about some household duties, and, putting a light wrap about her shoulders, started away in the direction of the village.

It was nearly half an hour later that Darrell noticed Ruth come out on the veranda and go into the garden. She lingered, she appeared, and he proceeded toward the summer house.

Ruth was seated on the rustic bench. The moonlight showed that she was pale and agitated. She clasped and unclasped her thin white hands nervously as Darrell approached, and she looked up at him with a certain piteous timidity that aroused all the sympathy of his kindly human nature.

"I hope you are feeling better, my dear Miss Chester," spoke Darrell gently, as he seated himself beside her.

"I shall never be better in body or soul in this world," declared Ruth in sad, broken tones. "Do not think strange of me, Mr. Darrell, for asking this interview. It seemed as if I must see some one, to tell—to confide——"

"Do not distress yourself," said Darrell. "I am your friend, Miss Chester, your true earnest friend."

"It is because of your great kindness to me that I trust in you," declared Ruth. "You said you had something to tell me."

"Yes," assented Darrell.

"Let me ask you first of all—the note I wrote which you found at the river."

"I have destroyed it."

"Gloria knows——"

"Nothing."

Ruth expressed a sigh of rare relief.

"Oh, thank you," she said fervently. "Miss Chester," spoke Darrell earnestly, "I have a strange story to tell you, but I do so wish to excite you. I came to Rose Cottage with a purpose in view."

"With a purpose in view," murmured Ruth, breathlessly.

"Yes, it was to see you."

"Then—then you had seen me before you knew me."

"I had seen you before," continued Darrell. "It was at the old dismantled house in the city where you lived with your aunt Rolfe Tyson."

Ruth Chester uttered a hollow cry. She started and shrank back. Darrell placed a reassuring hand on her own.

"Control yourself, I beg," he pleaded. "I would never forgive myself if the revelations I am compelled to make to you should my lips should overcome you, should bring you harm."

"Oh, no! no!" cried Ruth, eagerly. "I will be calm and brave. You must tell me all. If you are not at last—at last pleased——

"It was I who helped you to escape."

"You!" cried Ruth, staring blankly at Darrell in a vague dreamy way. "No, I cannot remember you, but it was dark and obscure in the house where I lived—and then my heart was broken, and I saw nothing, thought of nothing, only to try to fly to some lonely spot and die."

She covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled through her poor thin fingers. Darrell did not speak until she removed her hands. He knew that natural weeping would relieve her overburdened spirit.

"Tell me more—tell me all," she pleaded. "There is little to tell that you do not know," said Darrell. "Miss Chester, I feel as might a brother counsel you. My heart bleeds for you. I would do anything for you. Our meeting was through mere chance, but there was in it—I feel a fate that has impelled me to this spot out of interest and duty for you."

"You are a good friend, a noble man," sobbed the distressed girl. "Twice you have saved my life."

"Do not think of that. Think rather of how you can help your self and your friends are grieved at the sorrow that has come to you—and find a means to their peace and happiness. I dare say distress you by going over the weary blighted life of your aunt, but what I have heard and overheard in that old house in the city, Ruth Tyson is not the cruel villain, who is not worthy of one thought of regret. A base-hearted, scoundrel, he feigned to love you that he might learn the secret of your father's fortune. His hireling would have killed you, but I saved you. You must forget him with loathing and contempt. You must be strong and courageous and help me to unmask him, if he ever appears here to plot against those you love."

Darrell briefly narrated his experience in the old house in the city and how he escaped. She wept bitterly during the recital, when he gave her the ring he had brought so many hundred of miles to restore to her. Ruth broke down utterly. She swayed toward him and sat her head fell against his shoulder.

Darrell allowed it to remain there. His arm supported her in brotherly regard and protection.

"Cheer up, take courage," he spoke. "Forget all that happened that evil night when I first met you in the city——"

There Clyde Darrell paused. His eyes shrank, his utterance was checked as by a shock.

Facing them, and rooted to the spot, her

face stony in its expression of momentary suspense and astonishment, stood Gloria!

This splendid story will be continued in next week's Ledger. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to heaven the rest.

THE HAUNTED GUITAR.

It was a gloomy night in the month of November when a loud rap was heard at my doorbell. There was a vigor and earnestness about it that startled me immediately, and I hastened to the door to personally ascertain its meaning.

My old friend, Joe Raynor, stood there, and as he stepped into the vestibule I saw from his face that he was in deep and deep-set eye that something of a startling nature must have occurred to produce such an effect upon his iron nerves.

"Bob," said he, grasping my hands with a grip of iron, "come immediately, for poor Tom is dying!"

It needed no second invitation to urge me to hasten my departure from the house, and in a few minutes Joe Raynor and myself were walking hurriedly to the little cottage of our fellow friend and associate, Tom Grier. When we reached the house we found Tom's wife attended only by a colored lady, who was bestowing such kindly offices as his deathbed required.

The symptoms of the presence of death were unmistakable. A stroke of paralysis had left Tom powerless, and quickly, his faculties were not entirely impaired, and his organs were mercifully active, but I will not dwell upon the harrowing scenes of a death-bed. Suffice it to say that poor Tom Grier was enrolled in the circle of his fore-fathers that evening.

After he died he asked to have his guitar placed in his hands. He kissed it as affectionately as though it were an animated being, and endeavored to run his fingers once more across its strings. His hand sunk back to its office. With a sad expression he said to Joe Raynor:

"I'll die soon, Joe; keep it for the sake of your old friend."

Those were his last words. After the funeral the guitar was removed to Joe's room and carefully hung upon the wall.

Tom Grier died, as he lived, a bachelor. He was not a bachelor from necessity, however, for he was abundantly supplied with worldly goods, and even in the latter days of his life had an excellent income. Handsome man. The devoted affection which he bore for a woman under a prompting him to choose that manner of life. The guitar belonged to her, and many a night had her soul-stirring airs and ballads and to her favorite songs, which she accompanied with her exquisite playing on its instrument.

At her death it became his. Occasionally he would take it from the wall, run his hands across the strings and sing one or his mother's favorite melodies. But these occasions were rare, and with a heavy heart he would carefully replace it in its old position.

Time, the greatest of all pedestrians, was peggling away at his unceasing, never-resting walk. The autumn had given place to spring, and the recollection of Tom Grier came to my mind like the vision of a dream.

One afternoon in the month of May, following the death of Grier, I sat in my office, engaged in closing up the business of the day, when, much to my astonishment, Joe Raynor entered and threw himself hastily into a chair.

"Bob," said he, "I've come to talk with you."

"Well, Joe," I replied, thrusting by books aside, "I am all attention."

"You remember the guitar that Tom Grier gave me?"

"His mother's guitar? I do."

"Well, Bob, it's haunted."

I jumped to my feet, unable to restrain my astonishment. I scanned Rayner's features closely for symptoms of insanity, but with the exception of an expression of care and anxiety he appeared the same as any one.

"Joe!" I exclaimed, after a pause, "are you mad?"

"No, I am not mad. I've endeavored to persuade myself that what I heard was the ringing of a deranged brain, but I can't. I tell you, Bob, that guitar is haunted, and, as much as it pains me to bring the gift of our revered friend, I shall have to part with it."

I saw at once that Raynor was intensely in earnest, and was a firm believer in what he had asserted. My first idea was to ridicule him, but I was convinced that such a proceeding on my part would not only be cruel and heartless, but would materially destroy what influence I might bring to bear to disabuse the mind of what I could not but consider an hallucination.

"Last night," he continued, after a painful pause, "I heard it again. It was about the hour of midnight. The house was as still as the tomb, when there was played upon that guitar one of the most plaintive airs I have ever listened to. I could not be mistaken. I was as thoroughly awake as I am now. Unable to rouse, I arose to my feet, lit my lamp, and examined the fastenings of the doors and windows. Everything was as secure as I had left it on retiring. I lit my pipe and endeavored to forget it. When I felt drowsy I again sought my couch. In a few minutes I heard the solemn strains of that guitar again. The refrain was slow and sad, as though spirit hands had gently touched the strings.

"Surely, Joe, you do not believe that it was caused by any supernatural agency?" I asked, although I must confess that I was myself somewhat startled at the story.

"I do not know what to believe or what to disbelieve. I can only remember what Hamlet says in the play: 'There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'"

"Yes, Joe, I've heard that quotation used before to bolster up supernatural fancies. But what do you intend to do?"

"Well, that is the point. I cannot bear to part with the instrument, and I wonder if I would make one more effort to retain it. It is this: Will you come and sleep with me tonight? I wish to test the evidence of your senses. If you hear nothing, you will convince that it was an hallucination, and that I am a proper subject for a skillful physician, if my reason be judged by."

"Then I shall admit, Joe, 'that there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in my philosophy.' I'll go. I'll run home and tell the folks that they need not expect me home tonight, and I will meet you in your room."

It was about the hour of 10 o'clock that night when I knocked at the door of Joe's room. He, in expectation of my arrival, was on the alert, and immediately admitted me. I took a hurried survey of the apartment. The guitar hung on the wall immediately above a little table which contained several articles of virtu, doubtless very highly prized by their owner. We chatted and smoked for nearly an hour, but not at all by mutual consent, avoiding the subject which had called us there.

It was about the hour of midnight, that hour when "witches, devils and ghosts" begin our preparations for retiring. The fastenings of the doors and windows were examined, and all was secure so that Joe had been made the butt of some practical joke, and as I was congratulating myself on my factory, I threw myself upon the outside of the bed.

"You have forgotten to extinguish the lamp," said Joe.

"If you want light thrown on this dark subject," said Joe, "it's the light of a kerosene lamp my mother used to burn."

"It's no use, Bob. She won't appear under the influence of kerosene. We must adopt tactics."

She! I really began to fear for Joe's reason. However, I conceded the point and put out the light.

I threw myself again upon the bed and listened so intently that the ticking of the watch in the pocket of my vest, hanging beneath us, could be heard as distinctly as though it were under my pillow. The gentle breeze that played among the leaves of the trees outside seemed intensified, until it sounded like the rushing of many waters, while the waves that beat upon the seashore, with a sound unheard by human ear on an ordinary occasion, seemed on this night to resemble the thunders of the battle of contending spirits.

"Hush!" said Joe, in trembling tones.

There it was, sure enough. I felt my blood becoming congealed, and each individual hair rising on my head seemed to assume the dimensions and stiffness of a pompon.

I never listened to sweeter sounds. Slowly the strings were touched, and the most plaintive strains filled the room. At one time in slow and saddened measure, and again with the quickness of a lightning flash. I was more than entranced—I was paralyzed—while Joe's heavy breathing told that he had already fallen over the rooms.

For a moment the music would cease, and when it recommenced it seemed to be sweeter than before. Was it the work of a spirit? Was the guitar really being played upon by some disembodied spirit? I knew not what to say, but acting upon the impulse I had jumped to my feet hurriedly, struck a match, and lit the lamp.

I examined the fastenings of the doors. They were as I had left them. The old guitar still hung upon the wall in its old place as before. How could the mystery be explained? It could not be explained, but I knew, already what Joe's belief was. Again I extinguished the light, and threw myself upon the bed.

In a few minutes I once more heard the well-known strains. There was no denying the fact—some one was playing upon the strings of that guitar. I struck a light no longer. I hastily arose in sheer desperation. I felt that my reason was becoming affected, and unless some explanation was offered of the mysterious phenomenally, I would become as firm a believer in the supernatural theory as Joe.

Again I lit the lamp. I felt like one stupefied from the effects of some powerful drug. I seemed like one in a dream. I contemplate my thoughts upon any definite plan of operations. There it hung upon the wall seemed to have a strange fascination, and I walked toward it. I must, unintentionally, have made some movement toward seizing it, for I was startled by hearing Joe cry out, in a loud voice:

"Bob, for Heaven's sake, don't touch that guitar!"

"Why not?" I inquired. I must confess, rather startled myself.

"Because I hold it sacred. No hand has touched it since poor Tom Grier gave it to me. It has been left untouched."

"But mine shall now," I replied.

"As you value my friendship, Bob, don't do it!" he exclaimed earnestly.

"It is because I value your friendship, Joe, that I desire to aid him here to investigate this mystery. Why should you now interpose obstacles in my path?"

He was silent. I saw I had overcome his objections, and was a firm believer in what he had asserted. My first idea was to ridicule him, but I was convinced that such a proceeding on my part would not only be cruel and heartless, but would materially destroy what influence I might bring to bear to disabuse the mind of what I could not but consider an hallucination.

"Last night," he continued, after a painful pause, "I heard it again. It was about the hour of midnight. The house was as still as the tomb, when there was played upon that guitar one of the most plaintive airs I have ever listened to. I could not be mistaken. I was as thoroughly awake as I am now. Unable to rouse, I arose to my feet, lit my lamp, and examined the fastenings of the doors and windows. Everything was as secure as I had left it on retiring. I lit my pipe and endeavored to forget it. When I felt drowsy I again sought my couch. In a few minutes I heard the solemn strains of that guitar again. The refrain was slow and sad, as though spirit hands had gently touched the strings.

"Surely, Joe, you do not believe that it was caused by any supernatural agency?" I asked, although I must confess that I was myself somewhat startled at the story.

"I do not know what to believe or what to disbelieve. I can only remember what Hamlet says in the play: 'There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'"

Wasn't a Snake.

Judge Pitman is a very absent-minded man, and frequently more than once has gotten him into trouble. The other night, as he was retiring, he got to thinking very hard about a project for reshingling the steeple of the Presbyterian Church, of which he is the deacon, and he was so absorbed that he went to bed with his spectacles on. He fell into the old-fashioned, heavy, silver kind. After a while they pinched his face, and during the night worked down under his chin. Just before day-light the judge was awakened by a shriek from Mrs. Pitman. Sitting up, he saw that excellent lady standing by the side of the bed, with terror pictured in her face. He said:

"Why, my dear, what's the matter?"

"There's a snake in the bed!"

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed the judge, getting out as suddenly as if something had bitten him.

"It's a snake, or a rat, or something of the kind!" said Mrs. Pitman, "something cold and clammy! I felt it crawling along my leg. It woke me up. There! I see it moving under the covers now. See that! It's a snake!"

"Perhaps it's a mouse," suggested the judge.

"It's awful!" said Mrs. P.; "a mouse crawling around over me in bed! It almost scandalizes me!"

"They are very harmless, my dear," said the judge, as he began to feel a little pleasant to have them in bed. Get me the broom to something and I'll kill it."

Mrs. Pitman procured the broom, and then the judge said:

"Now, you get down the covers slowly and I'll whack him."

Mrs. P. took hold of the quilt as if it were poisonous, and, pulling downward, at the same time stepped to the floor. The judge at last thought he saw it, and he brought the broom down with terrible force. He held it upon the object with all his strength, while Mrs. Pitman went for a bucket of water. The judge, with the broom, crawled along over the bed, and dropped the offending spectacles in the bucket. It sank to the bottom, and they took it to the light to examine it. When the judge cast his eye upon it he said in disgust:

"Mary Jane, you always were a dunned fool! Those are my spectacles! Ugh! My spectacles, and the glasses are smashed to flinders!"

Then Mrs. Pitman began to cry, and, as the judge said it would be ridiculous to buy on a bed for broken glass, they went to bed in the third story. The judge got up early and found Sadie Jones's eyeglasses, and he hitches them to his coat by a string.

On the Branch Line.

The trains on the branch road never went very fast. Here were various reasons for this, all good ones. Nevertheless, travelers from more populous districts sometimes expressed forcible opinions on the subject. Silas Wetmore, who rode back and forth on the branch line almost every day, took it upon himself to pacify such as were thus disposed. He was a quiet man, and the little sawed-off string of cars.

One day a particularly irritable passenger, on finding that the train only completed that the train was slow but wished to know if it ran by steam.

"What are we stopping for now?" he asked.

Silas looked out of the window.

"This is a station," he said, mildly.

"Don't see any," said the man.

"Oh, there isn't any building," said Silas; "but it's a stopping-place."

By and by the train went on. Presently it stopped again in the middle of a field. This time the stranger did not inquire into the reason for halting. But afterward he asked Silas what the same thing occurred. Finally he broke out again:

"What are we stopping here for? Isn't any station here, is they?"

"No station," said Silas. "We've stopping for water."

"Water!" exclaimed the other. "Water! Why, there isn't water nor nothin' for miles upon miles. What do you mean?"

Shelter looked at him patiently, and the other relapsed into silence.

A Domestic Treasure.

"The new maid is a perfect treasure," said Mrs. Gaddington, with undisguised enthusiasm. "She can cook right ahead and does things without waiting to be told. It's such a relief to have a girl with intelligence—one that you can be depended upon to do her work, no matter whether I am here to direct her or not. What do you suppose she did today?"

"Took all the clothes out of the closets and aired them, I'll bet," replied Mr. Gaddington, becoming suddenly optimistic.

"No; she will probably get around to that tomorrow or next day. Without waiting for me to tell her, she went into the house cleaning, she went in there and gave it a thorough going-over. You'll not recognize the house when you look into it. She must have burned nearly a wagon load of papers and pamphlets and magazines that you've had piled around in the corners, and your den looks like a parlor. William, what's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing," replied William Gaddington, making a supreme effort to control his feelings. "Where is the—the—informal—where is she now?"

"What in the world has happened? Have things gone wrong with you today?"

"No, no, I merely want to know where this paragon you have been speaking of is now."

"You'd never guess. Really she's a wonder. I slipped down into the cellar a few minutes ago to see what she was up to, and what do you think? She's down there humming away to herself as happy as you please and brushing the dust from the wine bottles."

Seeking Information.

Bacon—Why do artists always put their names on their pictures?

Egbert—So a person will know who to ask what it's all about, I suppose.

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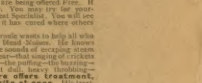

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To Stay With the Old Man.

"Come indoors immediately!" called a nurse to a small boy whose father was going out. "You won't go to heaven if you're so naughty."

"I don't want to go to heaven," was the aggrieved reply; "I want to go with father!"

Pertinent Query.

Her—The clairvoyant said she could tell my past, present and future from a lock of my hair.

Him—In that case I suppose she would require the past, present and future shades of your hair, wouldn't she?

Need of Velvet.

Employe—Sir, I'd like a raise. I've just been married, and——

Employer—So you want more money for your wife?

Employe—No, sir; I want it for myself. She knows just what I'm getting now, you see.

Result—Gaps and Wrinkles.

Mrs. Bangs—Do you know I'm afraid my husband is given to saying things behind my back?

Miss Bright—Well, dear, perhaps the poor fellow cannot get the hooks and eyes to match properly.

TICKLISH

CRUEL.

Reggie Twombley—I'm proud to say that I'm a self-made man.

Miss J. C. Cutting—Oh, I suppose you did the best you could with the materials you had.

An Unprofitable Customer.

Itinerant Vender—Boot laces, sir?

Gentleman—I don't wear laced boots.

I. V.—Matches, pipe-cleaner?

G.—I never smoke.

I. V.—Penny corkscrew?

G.—I don't drink.

I. V.—What on earth do you do? Here, have a flower fastener for your buttonhole?

G.—I never wear flowers.

I. V. (savagely)—I know it ain't any use for me to ask ye ter buy any shirt studs, for I bet ye don't wear a shirt, ye mouldy old image.

Then and Now.

"He used to kiss me every time we passed through a tunnel before our marriage," said the little woman, with sad reflections.

"And does he do so now?" asked her bosom friend.

"No; he takes a drink."

Professional Jealousy.

"What made that prima donna demand your discharge?"

"I wrote an article," replied the press agent, "saying that she sings like an angel. She said she saw no reason for complimentary reference to anybody's singing except her own."

Probably True.

Mr. Trotter—This paper says the Chicago River flows two ways—to the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Mrs. Trotter—Well, I thought I noticed a queer smell at the Thousand Isles last summer.

He Didn't Talk Shop.

Mother—Did you meet any strangers at the reception?

Daughter—Only one, a sea captain, and he made me very tired.

Mother—Did he talk shop?

Daughter—No, he talked ship.

Scared by the Cooking.

Little Willie—Say, pa, when poverty comes in at the door, what window does love fly out of?

Pa—It probably flies out of the dining-room window, my son.

A Hint to Poets.

The Poet—Poetry should be written on only one side of the paper, shouldn't it?

The Editor—That depends on the poetry; lots of it shouldn't be written on either side.

GREAT SHRINKAGE.

The last year's bathing suit will shrink,
And shrink both day and night;
Until at last it shrinks so much
The bather shrinks from sight.

A Contented Man.

"Pa, what's an optimist?"

"A man who has four children and continues to think the price of living is no more than it's worth."

She Both Heard and Spoke.

"Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?"

"No, and I didn't get in without hearing her, either."

ETHEL'S BEAU A STAYER.

Voice (from upstairs)—Ethel!

Ethel—Yes, papa.

Voice—Please tell that young man that if he thinks he would like this house for a permanent residence the place is for sale on easy terms at the office of the real estate agents.

Selling and Buying.

Farmer—I don't see how we're going to get along this summer. No money in anything.

Wife—What's the matter?

Farmer—The market is glutted, and I can't get any price at all. Hardly pays to send things to town.

* * * * * * *

Townsman—What under the sun becomes of our money?

Wife—It all goes for provisions. Every crop has failed, and prices are skyhigh.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

And now the superstitious chap
No longer need repent;
The danger has been sidetracked,
Since Halley's comet went.

Pebble Cut, Pebble.

Miss Alleyway (haughtily)—We'a goin' to summer in the country. You ain't.

Miss Backcourt (disdainfully)—We don't 'sociate wid none of our country relations.

A Case of Necessity.

Smith—Do you live as cheaply as you did before you were married?

Bennett—I have to.

Knew His Wife.

Mrs. DeStyle—There goes a man who proposed to me before I met you. He's worth a million, they say.

DeStyle—If he is he has you to thank for it, my dear.

Mrs. DeStyle—Why, what do you mean?

DeStyle—Had you accepted him he probably wouldn't be worth 30 cents today.

Not So Slow.

New Yorker—Been over to Philadelphia, eh? Philadelphia is a slow old town.

Chicago Man (indignantly)—Not much it ain't. It's got a city treasurer that stole 'bout a million, and a railroad strike that staggers all the other big cities.

The Diner Waited.

Slow Waiter—Have I ever been in the country, sir? No, sir. Why do you ask?

Tired Customer—I was just thinking how thrilling you'd find it to sit on a fence and watch the snails whiz by.

THE ONLY DEED FOR HER.

He was a man of deeds from many a fray,
And yet she loved him not;
For it seems a chap came along one day
With a deed for a house and lot.

INSULT TO INJURY.

Judge—So you threw arms around the complainant and kissed her?

Prisoner (meekly)—Yes, your honor—I'm very sorry, indeed, your honor!

Complainant (angrily)—O, you are, are you?

He Wasn't to Blame.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "you know very well you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday."

"I know it, teacher," replied the little fellow. "But it wasn't my fault."

"Are you sure it wasn't?" queried the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Tommy. "I tried my best to think up a good excuse, but I just couldn't."

Nature's Remedies for Disease.

Nature provides more effective remedies in the roots and herbs of the field than were ever produced from drugs.

Thirty years ago, Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., discovered and gave to the women of the world a remedy made from roots and herbs, which has proved more efficacious in curing women's diseases than any other medicine the world has ever known, and to-day Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is looked upon everywhere as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Knew His Men.

His Wife—I'm afraid you are a little too severe with old Mr. Skinflint, my dear. You should treat him with the milk of human kindness.

Her Husband—Huh! He'd churn it and sell the butter if I did.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

Jinks—Weeks married a woman of intellect, didn't he?

Blinks—I don't know. Why?

Jinks—I notice he never has any buttons on his clothes.

A Systematized Conscience.

"Did you ever sell your vote?" asked one member of a suspected Legislator.

"No," replied the other. "I let it out to a syndicate, took an interest in the business and draw dividends on it."

Friendly Advice.

"But for my ears being in the way, I could wear one of these very high collars."

"Too bad, but stick to your ears, girl. You may need 'em in your old age to hook your spectacles over."

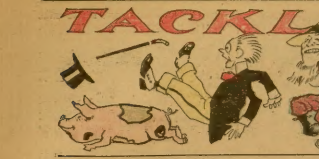
THE SUMMER GIRL.

She cut quite a figure on the ice
Last winter, so they say;
And now she cuts one on the beach
In her bathing suit each day.

Smart Barber.

New Barber (in whisper)—This electric shampooer has set fire to the gentleman's hair.

Old Barber—Sh! Charge him extra for a singe.



WISE WORDS

A Physician on Food.

A physician out in Oregon has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach especially at breakfast to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work. In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is necessary not to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it."

Read the little book. "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Late Message Home.

Rodrick—What are you looking so angry about, old man? Wires cross?

Van Albert (leaving phone)—No, wife.

Neglected Man.

Louey—Vot do you call a vimmins dot goes around tryin' to vote?

Fritz—A suffragette.

Louey—Und vot vas her husband?

Fritz—Oh, he vas sufferin' yet.

HIS ONLY BEAT.

He told his wife he could beat the races
And was going to place some star bets,
But out on the lot with the family goat
He sneezes and blows the dust from his throat—
And humbly beats the carpets.

Didn't Want to Miss It.

The old lady was taking her first ride on the steam cars.

"Now, mister," she said to the conductor, "this is my first trip on the cars and I want you to kind of look after me."

"All right, ma'am," replied the ticket puncher. "I'll see that you get through all right."

"And," continued the old lady, "if the train runs off the track and rolls down an embankment, be sure and wake me up."

Danger of Surfeiting.

"Belle is so selfish and grasping."

"In she?"

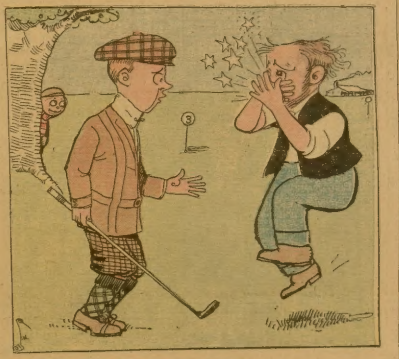
"Yes, indeed. Why, last Christmas she hung a bit of mistletoe to every gas fixture in the house."

"Mercy what a glutton!"

HIS LOSS HER GAIN.

When an ostrich is captured
He knows his mishap
Means another big feather
In some woman's cap.

LUCKY CHAP.



Golfing Enthusiast—Didn't you hear me yell "Fore"?
Injured Victim—Four! Thank goodness, only one of them hit me.

Caught in the Rush.

"My poor man," said the sympathetic woman, "and how came you to be crippled for life?"

"I'll tell you, madam," replied the beggar. "Once I spent my vacation at a summer hotel and I was trampled down trying to get into the dining room after the first bell!"

A Good Man.

"Your dead husband wor a good man," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow. "He wor!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two policemin could handle him."

No Excuse.

"Why do you smoke cigarettes?"

"Why not? Robert Louis Stevenson smoked them!"

"Yes—but he went and lived on the Island of Samoa while he did it."

Masculine Query.

"The motto of the modern woman is 'Forward,'" said the suffragette who was distributing a line of talk from the platform.

"If that's the case," interrupted the mere man who had strayed into the hall by mistake, "why does she always get off a street car backward?"

Ominous Sound.

"Hilda is at the dishes now. Will you wash?" her mother said.

"Gladly," said the young man, thinking he had found a prize. Just then a crash came from the kitchen, and again he became undecided.

Had a Reason.

"Why don't you call your newspaper the Appendix?" asked the enemy of the political boss.

"Any special reason for wanting me to do so?"

"Well, it's a useless organ."

Putting on Airs.

"Since he got his promotion they've been putting on dreadful airs."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; they actually took ice all winter long."

More Interesting.

Fair Girl—My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it?

Gallant Youth—Not particularly; but I would like to know if he still has it.

THOSE WHO BORROW.

Some men, we know, have taking ways,
But, oh! alas alack!
There are but few we know of who
Have ways of bringing back.

Not Unenviable.

Mrs. Gadabout—Dear Mrs. Hardhead next door doesn't seem to have many friends.

Hostess (wearily)—No-o. I wonder how she manages it.

Didn't Think Much of It.

She—What do you think of marriage as an institution?

He—As an institution for the blind or insane?

The Artless Answer.

Old Lady—Say, little boy, does this car run by the city hall?

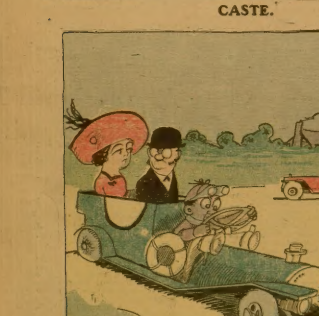
Little Boy—No, ma'am. It runs by electricity.

Should Have a Care.

Totem—Franklin once said "One that takes a wife takes care."

Haden—Well, that's all right. In taking a wife a man should take care.

CASTE.



Mr. Limousine—Don't you think we ought to invite the Rhodesters?
Mrs. Limousine—Why, John; they're only two-cylinder people.

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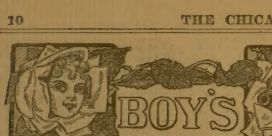

THE BOY WITH MUSCLE;

Or, A 3,000-Mile Motor-Car Race

By STEPHEN ANGUS COX

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CHAPTER XVI.

TULLY TRIES A TRICK.

"Lucky dog!" exclaimed Gerald. "As large as life!" replied Tully, mockingly. "Surely you didn't think you could leave us behind, and you fellows let me think that dinky old car of yours did you?"

"Nothing!" It's a better and faster car than yours, and I'm going to prove it before we get to San Francisco!"

"I don't think so, Gerald, my boy."

"You will see."

"So will you," with a laugh.

"Boy," said Gerald; "when did you get into the city?"

"We reached the Palmer House at half-past three."

"There!" triumphantly. "We beat you in by more than an hour. It was only twenty after two when we registered there."

It was plain that Tully and Seldon were somewhat disconcerted, but the former laughed it off, and said:

"We have just been fooling along, because we had no idea your old car was out of York State yet. Now that we know it can go a little, we shall let our car out a bit, when we leave Chicago, and will leave you fellows behind for fair."

"That will do to tell!" sneered Gerald.

"You might keep up with us a while, if we threw you a rope and towed you," laughed Tully.

"It is the other way. Your old car will need towing."

Tully and Seldon sat down on another bench nearby, and the conversation went on. While are you going to leave the city?" Tully asked.

"We are thinking of staying all night, and leaving early in the morning. When will you go?"

"We hadn't decided. Possibly we will stay till morning also."

"I will make an agreement with you to stay till morning, and then start at the same time, as we did from New York if you say so."

Tully pondered a few moments, and then shook his head.

"I think that we shall remain till morning," he said. "In fact, I am almost positive about it, but I won't enter into any agreement. It will be a go-as-you-please affair, so far as I am concerned."

"All right; suit yourself."

"What course are you going to take after you get across the Mississippi?" asked Tully, presently.

Gerald shook his head.

"I haven't decided," he replied.

"Neither have I."

They talked an hour or more, and then Tully and Seldon got up, and stretched and said they would stroll around a bit.

"We may see you at supper," said Tully.

"All right, we'll be there around seven," said Gerald.

Tully and Seldon then moved away, and when they were out of hearing, Gerald and Sandy discussed the affair with no little interest.

"Say, the cars must be pretty evenly matched as regards speed!" said Sandy.

"That is right. No would have supposed that we would reach Chicago within an hour of each other!"

"That is right, too."

"It certainly is."

"If both machines hold up, and there is no accident, it will be a close race to the coast."

"Yes. But a good deal depends, I think, on the route chosen."

"Yes, the roads will have a great deal to do with it, I guess."

"Yes, indeed."

"You haven't decided on your route yet?"

"Not positively; but I think I shall take the southern route."

"You mean away down by way of El Paso?"

"Yes."

"That will mean a good many miles out of the way, Gerald."

"Yes, but it will be more level and smoother going on the southern route."

"I should think that what is known as the Old Santa Fe trail would be the best route."

Gerald pondered a while, and then said he guessed that Sandy was right.

"We'll take the Old Santa Fe Trail," he said.

Then they got up and strolled back to the city, and presently went to the hotel and to their room. Here they rested and talked till supper time, and then went down into the dining-room and took seats at a table which was for four, and presently Tully and Seldon entered and took the other two seats.

"Ah, we are together again," said Tully. "I think that when we meet at the breakfast table in the morning, that will be the last meeting till we see each other in San Francisco."

"Perhaps," said Gerald.

"You will never get close enough to us, after 10 o'clock, tomorrow to sight us with a six-inch telescope," said Tully.

"That's all right," said Gerald; "talk is cheap, but it is a long road to San Francisco, and you are just a little bit ahead of us yet."

"No, but we will be," with an unpleasant laugh.

"That remains to be seen."

After supper, they sat in the lobby and talked an hour or so, and then separated to go out for a walk before going to bed.

"We'll see you fellows early, Gerald," said Tully, "and that will put us in trim to keep the pace that you undoubtedly will set."

"Yes," coincided Gerald.

The two parties of youths got back to the hotel at the same time, and went up in the same elevator. They got off at the same floor, and went to their rooms, which were close together, though on different sides of the hall.

Gerald and Sandy undressed and tumbled into bed, and were asleep in a jiffy.

Suddenly Sandy awoke and sat up in bed. He did not know what had awakened him, and was about to lie down again, when the thought struck him to see what time it was. He climbed softly out of bed and looked at his watch by the light that came in through the window. It was just 1 o'clock.

He turned to get back in bed, when he heard muffled footsteps in the hall, and he stepped to the door and listened a moment, and then placed a chair near the door, got up on it and looked through the transom.

To his surprise he saw Tully and Seldon, grips in hand, moving down the hall.

It flashed over him in an instant: They were going to do the same trick they had played on them by starting out before daylight, and start on the trip at once!

Tully was trying to steal a march on Gerald!

It was a mean trick, and Sandy's blood boiled.

"The sneaks!" he murmured. "He talked in such a manner as to make Gerald believe that he intended to stay here in the city, but and intended all the time to leave at midnight."

Sandy was wide awake, now, and determined.

Tully should not make a success of his scheme! Of course, Sandy could not prevent the two from leaving the city, but he could arouse Gerald and they could get ready and start also.

This would block Tully's plan to get a start of six or seven hours, effectively.

He went to the bed and awoke Gerald, who rubbed his eyes, yawned and looked sleepily up at Sandy.

"Is it morning?" he asked.

"No, but you must get up right away, Gerald!" was Sandy's somewhat excited reply.

"Why? What's up?"

"Tully and Seldon are up," was the reply, "and they're going to be off and away on their trip ahead of us, if we don't look out."

Gerald leaped out of bed like a flash instantly.

"What's that!" he cried. "Tully and Seldon are starting away, you say? What time is it?"

"Midnight."

"Ah, ha! I see! They expect to steal a march on us! Well, we'll fool them! They won't get away very much ahead of us."

Gerald hastened to dress, and Sandy explained matters the while, so Gerald had a good understanding of it all by the time they were ready to start. Sandy having gotten into his clothes quickly, also.

Then they seized their traps and made their way downstairs to the office. They paid the astonished clerk, and hastened out upon the street.

Making their way to the garage, which was open all night, they paid for the overhauling of the machine, leaped in and rolled away, down the street.

They were well out in the suburbs, when far ahead they saw a motor car, catching glimpses of it as it flashed through the streaks of light thrown out by the street lamps.

"It's Tully and Seldon, sure!" exclaimed Sandy.

"Yes; they haven't got much the start of us, smooth as they thought they were!" replied Gerald.

CHAPTER XVII.

Of course, Tully and Seldon noted the headlights of the automobile behind them, and Seldon remarked:

"Do you suppose it can be Hotchkiss and Hamlin?"

"Likely enough," nodded Tully.

"Then they must have been awake and heard and saw us leave the hotel."

"Yes: or possibly they may have been intending to give us the slip, the same as we tried to do with them."

"That's so, that is it, likely."

"I think so. I rather suspected it, yesterday when we were talking to Hotchkiss. If he had got me to agree to stay till morning, he would have slipped away just the same."

It is doubtful if Tully really believed this, but he wanted to say it, to try to justify himself to his companion for trying to slip away from Gerald and get the start.

On they dashed, for a couple of hours, the other motor car remaining about the same distance behind, and then suddenly it disappeared.

Seldon noticed this first, as he had nothing to do, Tully being the driver, and he called his companion's attention to it.

"That is strange," said Tully.

"Do you suppose they've had a smashup?"

"I don't know, I hope so!"

There was a brief period of silence, and then Seldon said, thoughtfully:

"They may have turned into another road."

"That is possible," agreed Tully. "We passed a good road leading southward, a few miles back, you know."

"Yes, I was kind of sorry you had taken it, Mark. It seemed to be a plainer, more beaten road than this one."

"Oh, this is a good enough road, and it leads in the direction we want to go."

"If they did turn south, it would indicate that they intend to take the southern route, don't you think so, Mark?"

"Likely enough."

They rushed onward the west, and more than a dozen miles away, speeding toward them, they saw another motor car, with Hotchkiss and Hamlin.

Their rivals had suspected, the two had turned into the beaten road that led southward.

Gerald and Sandy had talked it over, and had decided to cross the Mississippi at St. Louis, and then take the road that leads to the Old Santa Fe Trail in Kansas.

Tully and Seldon, on discovering, and then they stopped at a fair-sized town and ate breakfast.

Then they moved onward again, and kept on till noon, stopping for dinner in a town and then kept on till 6 o'clock.

Then they continued their journey, and were not far from Springfield, when they let them some time to get across the great bridge that spans the river, and then followed.

They spent an hour in the city, and then were off again. As soon as they were outside the limits, they headed westward and sped along at a lively clip.

They ate supper in Sedalia, Mo., and were away again. They kept on till about 9 o'clock and then stopped for the night at Lexington, Mo.

They slept soundly till 6 o'clock, and then got up and ate their breakfast and were away again.

Now for a spin across the level plains of Kansas!" said Gerald, enthusiastically. "Then we have good luck and don't run into bad weather, we will be out of the State before we place our heads on pillows again."

This and his words were made good, for they slept in a town in Kansas that night.

After a run of two hours, next morning, they came in sight of the Rocky Mountains.

Away in the distance the peaks of the mountains could be seen, and Gerald said he seen, looking like a stormcloud on the horizon.

On dashed the motor car, and gradually the mountains seemed to grow and rise in height and grandeur.

The youths were far from being insensible to the beauties and wonders of the scene, and they were delighted.

They gazed enthusiastically, and watched the mountains grow with interest.

They had reached the foothills, and then their speed grew less, as the way was rough and winding.

Higher and deeper into the mountains they went, and slower still they were forced to go.

The scenery grew to be grand in the extreme, and the youths enjoyed it immensely, though as Gerald said, it made speedy traveling impossible.

"Well, it will be the same with Tully," said Sandy.

"Yes, he has to cross the mountains, too."

At noon they stopped at a hotel high among the mountains, and ate dinner. This hotel accommodated about one hundred persons, who came there mostly because it is to enjoy the cool, pleasant climate.

"There was another automobile here, about two hours ago," said the proprietor of the hotel; "the young fellows said they were going across the mountains from New York to San Francisco. Are you the chaps they are racing with?"

"I guess we are," said Gerald, a look of relief on his face. "We have been to tell me they were here two hours ago?"

"Yes, all of that. They ate a bite and then moved on."

Gerald and Sandy exchanged glances of dismay.

"Say, that is a sort of unpleasant surprise, eh, Sandy?" remarked Gerald.

"Yes, so it is."

"I didn't expect that they would get ahead of us."

"But they have managed to do it."

"Then we must make more speed, their lead and get ahead of them. Let's hurry, Sandy, and get away as quickly as possible!"

"All right."

The guests learned that Gerald and Sandy were racing with the others, and the combatants were racing with, and they were greatly interested, and asked many questions. The youths answered the questions briefly, and as soon as they had eaten, they climbed into the car and were away at as swift a pace as the road would permit.

The guests waved their hands and wished the two good luck, and the two waved their hands in response.

One, two hours passed, and the youths found that they had topped the ridge and were beginning to descend.

Gravity had to be reckoned with, now, and it was necessary to use the brakes frequently, to hold the speed within safe bounds.

Sandy remembered his promise to Grace, and watched Gerald like a hawk. He was determined that his companion should not

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go at a reckless pace, if he could prevent it.

Gerald was pretty careful, however, and along toward evening they found that they were almost to the level country.

They were moving along, with a perpendicular wall on the left and a precipice a hundred feet deep on the right, when suddenly, on rounding a bend in the trail, they met an unpleasant surprise:

Standing in the trail with leveled revolvers in their hands and masks on their faces were three men.

"Stop thet masheen!" yelled one, sternly. "Stop, or we'll drill ye full uv holes."

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNDER HIS MASTER.

Gerald brought the car to a stop at once.

The masked men nodded approvingly, and the one who had given the command—evidently the leader—said:

"That's senserble. Ye show ye hain't er plum' fool, even ef ye do go ridin' aroun' in er fool-wagon. Git out, an' be quick erbout it!"

Gerald and Sandy exchanged glances, and hesitated.

"Dye hear?" almost yelled the masked man. "No foolin' now! Hop right out, an' be in her hurry erbout it! An', say, don' put fer ter try ter git out uv eny weepins, fur it'll be yer death-warrant ef ye do, see?"

"Oh, we are not armed," said Gerald.

"That's lucky—fur ye! Ef ye hed guns, ye moughty ter've seen, an' there'd be ther worst thing ye could do."

Sandy leaped out, and Gerald followed.

"Up with yer han's!" the leader ordered.

"What are you going to do?" queried Gerald.

"We're goin' ter releeve ye uv yer munny, valuables an' other useless things like that," with a hoarse laugh, that was echoed by his companions. "Git a move on!"

How erbout gobblin' up ther ottermobeel, Bill?" said one of the others. "Wouldn't et be dandy fer us ter count in et an' hit up people, hey?"

"But we could run ther blamed thing?" asked the one called "Bill."

"We could 'arn, all right."

Mebby so."

"Say," broke in Gerald, "did you fellows see another automobile go along here a couple or hours ago?"

"Did we?" chuckled the leader; "well, I guess we did, hey boy."

"Yas, we seen ther masheen," nodded one of the others. "Thar wuz two in et, seme ez ye two chaps."

An' they stopped, jest like ye hev done," grinned the leader.

"Ah, you robbed them, then?"

"Wal, we kinder thort thet we could use ther munny an' trinkets they wuz kerryin' aroun' better'n what they could," was the reply.

Sandy had been standing there, quietly, saying nothing, but keeping his eyes on the three. His fingers were itching to get hold of the rascals, and he believed that if he could take them by surprise suddenly, he might be able to get the better of them, aided by Gerald.

While talking about the automobile, the attention of the three was diverted from the youths to a considerable extent, and Sandy decided to have a try at the rascals.

Suddenly he leaped forward and seized the leader, and hurled him against the other two, the three going down in a struggling, snarling heap.

"Good for you, Sandy!" cried Gerald. "Say, but it's fine to be a boy with muscle!"

Nearby lay a short, heavy club, and Sandy seized it and dealt the first man who got up a blow on the head, dropping him to the ground, unconscious.

The next one he served the same way, and the leader, who still lay on the ground, looked up and said:

"Don' hit me pard. I hain't goin' ter try ter do ye no hurt."

"It wouldn't do you any good, if you did try. You are, you're dead to rights."

"Crack 'im for luck, Sandy," said Gerald. "I don't like his face." The musk had come off, and the real face was visible, and it was indeed an unpleasant one.

But Sandy laid his hand, and did not strike.

"I won't hit you, if you'll answer a question or two," he said.

"Ax der questions, pard."

"Did those men tell you we would be along and ask you to watch for us and hold us up?"

"Yas, they tol' us erbout ye; but they didn' hev ter ax us ter wait an' hol' ye up, cos we'd adone ther contrary."

"That was like Tully," said Gerald. "He would have been glad to have us be delayed, and thus enable him to win the race.

"Well, let's get on it," said Sandy.

"Thanks to you, Sandy." And he added: "What shall we do with these fellows?"

"We ought ter take them down to the nearest town and turn them over to the authorities," was the reply.

"But, there isn't room in the automobile, and—"

"Well?"

"If we should do that, we might be held to act as witnesses, and that would cause us to lose our race."

"That's so."

"Still, it doesn't seem right to let them go scot free," murmured Gerald. "And I guess that even though we lose the race, we will take them down and hand them over to the authorities."

With a snarl of rage and disappointment, the leader of the gang attempted to leap to his feet, but Sandy laid his arm on the fellow, and dealt him a blow that dropped him back beside his two companions, unconscious.

"Served him right," said Gerald. "I'm glad you thumped him."

"Help me, and we'll bundle them into the car," said Sandy.

He took hold of the leader, underneath the armpits, and Gerald took hold of the ankles, and the fellow was placed in the car without much difficulty. Then the other two were disposed of in the same way, after which the youths climbed into their seat and Gerald crashed the machine ahead, moved slowly down the trail. Sandy, club in hand, sat, half-turned in the seat, watching the three robbers.

In this way they reached the town at the foot of the mountains, and the three desperadoes were turned over to the authorities. The three had recovered consciousness, but as their weapons had been removed and Sandy sat there, club in hand, ready to pounce if they tried to leap out, they did not make the attempt.

It happened that the robbers were some that had been operating in that part of the country for quite a while, and Gerald and Sandy were complimented on their good work in capturing them.

"Don't compliment me," said Gerald. "I had nothing at all to do with it. My friend, here, performed the feat. He went in and then knocked senseless with a club almost before I knew what was going on. Thank and compliment him all you want to, to deserve it."

The officials did thank and compliment Sandy. They said it would not be necessary for the two boys to remain, as against the three robbers, and so Gerald and Sandy, after a stop of half an hour, went in the automobile and rode onward [illegible] at the town if another automobile had gone through the place, and had received an answer in the affirmative.

Tully and Seldon were at least two hours and a half ahead of them.

"But we can catch them yet!" declared Gerald. "We will roll into San Francisco ahead of them, just the same, mark my words!"

Gerald and Sandy decided to head southwestward, and go through Phoenix, Ariz., and across the Colorado River at Yuma, and then across the Sierra Nevada Mountains by way of the Yosemite Valley.

They went into camp, about 11 o'clock that night, in the edge of a desert, and slept on blankets spread on the ground.

Next morning they ate breakfast, and then got in the automobile and set out again, the task of preserving the bouquet permanently. There are several ways of doing this, which do not take much time and need not interfere with the solution of the daily problems relating to beefsteak and boiled eggs. One old-fashioned method is to press the flowers. All that is needed for this is sheets of waxed paper and a heavy, half-heated flatiron. The flowers of the bouquet should be placed between the pap [illegible] and ironed over. Then they may put between a couple of volumes of hubby's encyclopedia and more books piled on top of it. Hubby will not need any of this heavy literature for a long time, because he will be spending the first few months at home studying the ways of his bride, and long before he needs all these the bridal bouquet will be well pressed and preserved.

Another, which is better, but which takes a little trouble, is to dip the flowers, one by one, into melted paraffin until they are covered with wax, stems and all. Then [illegible] the bouquet and there you are. [illegible] should be taken, however, to dip the flowers when the paraffin is cooling, because if they are cooled while it is too hot they are likely to wither.

A more fashionable and costly method of preserving these blossoms is to take them to a jeweler and have them metallized. Just how the jeweler coats them with this transparent substance is his secret. If one has the price the entire bou-

"Stop that masheen!"

heading toward the southwest. They were on a desert tableland, now, and when they had been going about two hours, Sandy, who happened to glance behind them, gave utterance to an exclamation.

"Great Guns, Gerald!" he cried. "We are pursued by a band of Indians on horseback!"

Gerald looked back and saw that Sandy had spoken truly. About half a mile distant, coming as fast as their wiry mustangs could carry them, was a score or so of Indians.

On seeing that they were discovered, the redskins gave utterance to a series of bloodcurdling yells and warhoops and brandished their weapons frantically.

"They must be Apaches!" half-groaned Gerald; "they have the reputation of being on the warpath!"

"And they are armed with repeating rifles, from Sandy.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this exciting good story of boyhood adventures. You will miss a great deal if you do not read it, and look for it, for there will be "things doing" all the way. We will give constantly the very best stories for entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Keeping Bridal Bouquet.

It has been a matter of grief to many brides that they knew of no way of preserving their bouquets. They generally put it away in a box, where it finally crumbles into a mass of dust. Then a florist who knows about such things says that there are a number of ways of saving the bridal bouquet. One of the best means to preserve it temporarily, for weeks or months, is to keep it in water. But this is necessary is to take the bouquet apart so that the stems of the flowers may be spread out, and then put them upright in a box. Then get some fine sand—the finer the better—and fill the box with it. The box, letting it sift among the petals of the flowers and run down and around the stems until the box is entirely covered. Then put the box in a cool place, preferably the cellar, and leave it there. When the young couple comes back to earth from their honeymoon they will find the flowers as fresh as ever, although they may have been packed away for several weeks.

When the bride is settled down to housekeeping she can, at her leisure, take up quet can be preserved in that way, but the cost for a hundred blossoms would be too great for young people of moderate means to afford. The flowers that are left over can be utilized among the bride's friends the way wedding cake is. They can be candied and given to sentimental girls to eat, or put under their pillows.

Yes, He Was Kicked.

"Among Lincoln's circus stories," said a Cincinnati veteran, "was one about a Delaware tough.

"The circus," Lincoln's story ran, "visited Newcastle and the town tough turned out the afternoon of its arrival to see what sort of a circus it was.

"A canvasman, making his usual round, shouting 'Off the gap goes there! Off the guy ropes!' came suddenly on the town tough, who was leaning against the canvas tent wall in the sun, smoking a cornco[illegible]

"'Ye wunn't talkin' to me, wus ye, stranger?' said the tough, hunching up his shoulders very pugnaciously.

"'Oh, no sir,' said the canvasman frightened by the tough's use. 'Only just wanted to warn you, sir that it's a little dangerous to lean against the tent that way, as the elephant might kick you, sir.

"The tough snorted with contempt.

"'Elephant!' he growled. 'I'll clean out the hull show, elephant an' all, if you give me any of yer lip.'

"The canvasman slunk off humbly, and a few minutes later went inside and told the boss. The boss, who weighed over 200 and stood six feet in his socks, chuckled and took up one of the enormous mallets used to drive in tent pegs.

"'Show me where's he's leaning,' was all he said.

"The canvasman led the boss to the place where the tough's form made a long, oval dent in the tent wall. The boss, chucking the mallet from one hand to the other, and low the tough's coattails, where the dent was deepest, and swinging the mallet twice around his head he struck with all his might.

"There was a dull thud, a cry of pain and fear, and the tough leaped ten feet, then made off down the road as fast as he could run.

"What's the matter, Pete?' the inhabitants shouted as he tore through the town.

"'Been kicked by the elephant,' he replied.

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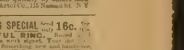

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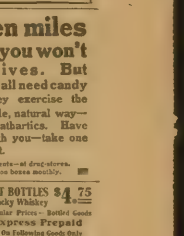

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The Girl and a Million;

Or, THE CROOKED LEGISLATOR

By Alfred C. Tozer

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CHAPTER XVIII.

LOUISE'S WEDDING GOWN.

AND so they set out for the hotel Louise favored, and on the way Ace Girl suggested that Mrs. Lawrence ought to be seen and told at once why Mr. Lawrence hadn't accepted an invitation, and proposed that she be summoned by wire.

Duke hardly knew what to say to the girl when these requests were made. She did not know what Lawrence had said to Duke's wife and could not tell her, for the confection of the two indities, and thought it easier to say that they might be communicated with later on.

"Why can't one go to Mrs. Lawrence, when we are married, then," said Louise, "and take her with us to Mrs. Hill? Don't you think that would be best?"

"Of course," Duke replied, "only we've got to catch an early train for Harlan, and Mrs. Lawrence can come on later. They can call upon her in the hotel. We can't get our establishment in operation so soon, you know, so we must stop at the hotel."

"Do you think Mrs. Hill will like me?" asked Louise.

Duke said that he thought they would, and that he knew of no good reason why they should not, and then they sat back in the carriage and laughed at him.

"Oh, you blundering boy!" she said. "Why don't you tell me that you like me? You admit that they have cast me into outer darkness."

"I've got queer notions of propriety," as all the world could see, Duke would admission in that. Louise asked again.

"Do you know that, if you care at all for the voice of society, you have given it something of a mess, Duke?"

The answer of the satisfied young man cannot be set down in full here.

The private attendant to the car which Louise had expressed a preference was not engaged, though the train was found to be unusually crowded, and full of thirst and laughter and music. Duke thought the clerk gave him an odd look when he ordered and ordered dinner served there, but he was too happy to notice passing glances. When he turned away from the desk he saw that the lobby was crowded with people in evening dress. They all s[eem]ed to Duke to belong to one big party, for each one seemed to be a part of the larger party, which overflowed the [ca]rs and the attiliar [illegible] the porter, stories, and the dining rooms, and took familiar possession of every corridor and [open] door."

The rooms were being decorated with roses, and lilies and trailing vines, and there was a bustling in the staid old house such as it had not known for a long time. When Duke stopped a passing attendant and asked about the crowd the lobby attendant replied that there was to be a wedding in high life there that night, and that the young [illegible] alone in a quiet corner of the large parlor. Duke thought she looked pale, but all the [illegible] jostling in her long street cloak concealing [illegible] of the department store. She [ex]cited to shrink from publication, and [ex]ded to be taken to the private dining room [quiet] very, and that they should [illegible] trimmed with flowers and crowded with handsome [illegible] So Duke found an attendant who knew a [short] way to the room, and, back at [illegible] they passed up out of the [illegible] attendant smiled as he left them at [illegible] Duke thought the girl was [illegible] and flowers on the mantel and on the table, and on the table was a dainty cloth and a service of shining silver, and a picture hanging on the remarkable reproduction of the room of that other Louise, who had come to see about a marriage license and to settle the way in the world to back sixteen.

If they passed up out of the [illegible] attendant smiled as he left them at [illegible] Duke thought the girl was [illegible]

The room was just as it had been on that other night, of which Louise thought so fondly. There was the great bowl of roses and flowers on the mantel and on the table, and on the table was a dainty cloth and a service of shining silver, and a picture hanging on the remarkable reproduction of the room of that other Louise, who had come to see about a marriage license and to settle the way in the world to back sixteen.

If they passed up out of the [illegible] attendant smiled as he left them at [illegible] Duke thought the girl was [illegible]

Although it was long after the closing hour, Duke found a deputy clerk at [illegible] desk, and the license was procured. The official asked the necessary questions [illegible] briefly, but politely, and with no unusual interest in the case. Duke thought of the book he had written, and of the [illegible] reached the conclusion that his book with Malone was making him quite a noted [illegible]

Returning to the hotel, he came upon his friend and pastor, the Reverend Frank Purton, in the lobby. The clergyman was in evening dress, and seemed to be waiting for some one. When Duke told him what had occurred, and congratulated himself on finding him there, the clergyman said he was to officiate there that evening at a swell wedding, and would come to the private room with a witness at the time set. He looked at Duke queerly as the conductor of the room was given.

"Who is the fortunate girl?" he asked.

"Oh," replied Duke, "names don't count at such a time. Wait until you see her! Wait until you see Louise!"

Duke found Louise sitting where he had left her, before the [illegible] gazing into the glowing coals of real fire of coal, and not a gaslog imitation [illegible]

Duke came back to the subject they had discussed just before his departure.

"Have you changed your mind, he said. "Only, there was no fashionable wedding on in the house that night. There will be two here tonight, and I'm quite content with the quality of our own."

Quite changed? Even without explanation? Without knowing——

Duke stopped her lips with a kiss.

"Everything is just as it should be," he said. "Even Malone and his officers with a warrant for my arrest seem to add to the romance of the time."

After a time a waiter came to the door and presented to Duke the card of a newspaper reporter he knew. On the back of the slip of cardboard was a request for an interview. Duke smiled as he thought of being the one to be put through the "third degree" with the newspaper boys call it, but smiled at Louise and shook his head.

There were many reporters to talk to in the room to which he was taken, and he was asked over and over again about Malone and Darling and the Coal Mountain Railroad, and the alleged fraud and bribery scandals. He was told by his acquaintance that a criminal warrant was out against him, also a capias in a civil suit for damages.

"Malone is doing the whole hog," the reporter said. "Why don't you run away? He'll come here not long ago, but we sent him away. It is quite a scandal. Mrs. Malone and both Malone and May are in the city, and that Mrs. Malone is with them. There's a woman behind it, of course."

I shall secure bondsmen and surrender myself at once," Duke said to Harlan. He said Duke. "Until then, I'm willing to keep out of the way."

"That's right! Don't let them break up the event you're in!" Why!

Duke asked what he meant by that, anxious to know if the reporters were interested in his approaching marriage, but the man laughed and slipped away.

"How would you like to marry a slip of a girl with fifty millions in her own right?" asked a reporter who hailed a moment later at the door of the reporters' room. "Pretty swell function, eh? Must have cost a barrel of money. Anybody from Boston and the chef from Sherry's! I guess not! Suppose you'll be in evening clothes, too, Duke?"

Duke nodded and moved away. Let the man think he was there to report the affair if he chose" He was thinking, too, of his own humble wedding, of the slip of a girl who had married him, and was glad that he was not envious. Only happy.

Duke found the corridor leading to the private dining room there was no one in it, and, guessing he knew the way, he it was filling behind him. He could hear the sound of the violins and feel the perfumed air from beating fans. He did not hastened on to his room and opened the door. The noise of music increased. Louise stood before the grate in her uniform, looking face lifted as he stepped inside, but during his short absence she had in the room seemed to [illegible] been changed.

Chains of bridal roses hung from ceiling and wall, and great bowls of the same flowers would ceiling, and the table was piled high with boxes of the silver service that was quite out of sight.

Duke stopped with his back against the door.

"What does it all mean, Louise?" he asked.

The girl did not reply.

Duke thought his back was being crowded in upon him. [illegible] patiently to the key in the

"This is one room," he said, "which the slip of a girl with her fifty millions in her own right may [illegible] all her wealth."

A gentle knock came on the door. Duke looked at the girl, and shook his head.

"It may be the clergyman," said the girl. "Shall I?" replied Duke's and opened the door.

Then the surprise became greater still.

CHAPTER XIX

THE OWNER OF THE MILLS.

When Duke opened the door the mass of [illegible] and people poured into the room, and still the corridor remained full, like a certain crowd that must have read somewhere. Every room on that floor seemed to be swarming, and the lobby was a swarming mass of people in evening dress and diamonds.

At first it was all a blur of faces to the young man, but presently he began to pick out features that he knew. There were [illegible] there in Duke's honor he had hoped to see at the wedding that night. There were others whose disapproval he had expected to meet, and which he had steeled himself to face.

Out of the confusion of figures came his mother and sister, whom he had not seen for many months, owing to their long [illegible] and Louise Hilton, were [illegible] with your private dining [illegible] young man. "[illegible] time finding you, don't you [illegible]

something came to Duke which he had been waiting for a long time. He looked at the face of his mother, and knew that his brain recollection of days when he had seen some of them associated together in another city. Back Bay seemed there [illegible] was, and Darling, and Ann [illegible] and Louise Hilton, were [illegible] th him in the plashing wa[illegible]tam on a velvety lawn, and he was seven! Seeing them all together again had opened he brain cells which had remained obsolete [illegible] locked at sight of the faces one by one. For a long time after that night Duke tried to figure out how it was that he had so completely forgotten Darling, and Annie Sydney, and Louise Hilton. They had not been so very chummy as children, it is true, and Duke had gone away before he was eight, still he never could make out how it was that they had so completely passed out of his recollection.

Thinking back, he remembered that he had never seen either of them since the early days on Back Bay, and that neither his mother or sister, Edith, had ever referred to them during his short visits home from college and from his European travels. That is, he had never met either of them to recognize them as his old playmates. After all, he finally concluded, it was not so very remarkable that he should not have seen the companions of his boyhood in the three grown persons. He remembered now that Louise had been a dainty little wisp of a girl with freckles on her face, and that Darling, her half-brother, was continually pretending to feel great anxiety lest they should spread and make an Indian of her. However, he could not see her or the nation that he should have remembered the names. In reply to Darling's remark he now said:

"Darling, I believe I would pass young man. It has all come back to me now, where I knew you, and Louise, and Annie Sydney, and I think you all ought to be congratulated, however, that so long has this [illegible] as been gone on."

During audo to direct reply to the question. Instead he turned to Louise.

"You look stunning in that rig, Sis," he said. "Don't let it get out that I called Duke with it, or the girls will all be wearing them and we shall have a run on them. Don't you know."

But this was no time for private conversation, for guests were coming up to be presented. There were men and women who were leaders in finance and society, and in literature and art, and friendly [illegible] in the circles of the city.

"Surely," whispered Duke to Louise [illegible] must have been preparing for this surprise party a long time. And you must have felt very sure of me, dear girl."

Louise declared that he was a conceited person and turned to her guests again.

"All dressed up from Boston Mail," Darling, after a time. "All this bally talking should have taken place before the ceremony, don't you know. Don't you think we would better call in a reporter and have it over, Duke?"

The Reverend Frank Parton now made his appearance, and Duke in his business suit of brown and Louise in her uniform stood up under the bridal roses swinging from the ceiling, and the private room. The ladies had urged that the ceremony be performed in the large ballroom, but Louise would have it there, being quite sentimental, as the reader has doubtless already suspected.

Just as the clergyman lifted his book to begin the marriage ceremony, a commotion down the hallway attracted the attention of all, and the preacher paused. In the silence which followed, a strident voice came from the outside.

"I tell you that the man is an officer, and has a duty to perform here. Make way for him!"

It was unmistakably the voice of Dan Malone. Arriving at the hotel early in the evening, he had been told that Duke had not so quickly discovered, that the function in progress was in honor of the marriage of the man he hated, and so had planned to break in upon the ceremony itself. It was his last desperate resource to take the groom at the most important moment and arrest him in full. All of which was in line with many other vicious acts of the two inmates.

A short distance behind Malone and the sheriff were Mrs. Malone and Senator May, who had come to Salt Lake City in spite of the mere editor who had the temerity, to defy the lord of all.

Darling stepped to the door at sound of Malone's voice, and, in a manner trying to block the progress of the intruder, and a volley-ball rush to take place in a moment, he pushed the door partly open for his friends to stand back, and the four incongruous figures came, the faces of three of them glowing with hate and triumph, veritable wolves ogres at a wedding. Malone forced his way into the room, closely followed by the others in the party, all oblivious of the scornful faces about them.

"There is your man!" roared Malone, pointing at Duke. "The man in the brown suit! He's under arrest!"

There was a short pause, during which no one spoke. As the sheriff moved forward Duke, Malone found his tongue real

"Sorry to disturb you, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "but I'm obliged to ask you to [illegible] surrowing to pinpoints [illegible] [illegible] to have a criminal warrant for that man, and it is our purpose to [illegible] him at once."

"We all see how sorry you are," drawled Darling, as he seem to be quite deeply affected by the [illegible] hands in behalf of nameless creatures picked up on the [illegible] Reverend Frank Parton or Mr. Hill can protect you, whether she can protect you or not."

The mother of the bride and Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Hill gathered about the [illegible] but there was little need of their [illegible] She stood looking into the fire.

"Stated woman with [illegible] she had shown on the evening [illegible] reception.

"I am here that you are [illegible]" continued Mrs. Malone, "but that [illegible] it make you fit for society. Your money only supplies you with a bait to catch light-headed young men who commit

crimes against decency and are taken to jail!"

"Don't you think," suggested Darling, turning to Malone, "that you would better remove Mrs. Malone from the room? This is not a public function, don't you know. It is all very amusing, but we really ought to be getting on."

"If you refer to the marriage," replied Malone, "that will take place in jail if it takes place at all tonight. Have you served your warrant, Mr. Sheriff?"

"He has accepted service, sir."

The sheriff was blushing like a school girl. He had what sort of a mess Malone's anger had led him into, and saw disapproval in the faces of the men whom he knew and was under many obligations to. Malone saw that he was wavering in his allegiance, and added:

"Then serve your capias."

"I accept service," said Duke. All through the trying scene he had remained calm except for the time Louise had been addressed by Mrs. Malone. Now he looked into the girl's face and smiled.

"You have a desperate criminal I am," he said. "Let me remind you that it is not too late, even now, for you to draw back."

Louise grasped his arm closer and smiled up into his eyes.

"Come!" said Malone, now. "Remove your prisoner!"

"We offer bail," said Duke, coolly.

"You'll have to give bail in Harlan," replied Malone.

"That is with the officer," said Darling.

The sheriff did not reply at once. He was entirely disgusted with Malone's brutal strife, but he was the lesser of the evils.

"I insist on his being taken to jail!" roared Malone. "There is no knowing if we shall ever see him again if he is permitted his Freedom now. Every penny dollar's worth of property he has in Harlan as a beginning of this damage suit, and he knows that he will be a pauper in the event he wins with him. He'll run away, I tell you, if he isn't locked in jail!"

"Malone," said Darling, smiling in the hot face of the man, "you are a game fighter! I rather admire the devilitry in you, don't you know. Your course here shows a lack of the society of the best, but I'll you're a good fighter, all the same."

"Even a jail bird on the criminal charge," continued Malone, ignoring the remarks, "is better than Duke, who will qualify as surety in the civil suit for half a million which I have brought against him? He'll have to fill out his bonds in a bondsman who can satisfy me!"

Dan Malone's flow of triumph was almost unbearable. Mrs. Malone and May stood by his side with their eyes full of pride. They had heard there that night stories of the great wealth of the bride, and were waiting with bated breath to see what he to speak in defense of her lover. She looked at them all imperially and remained silent.

"I owe it to myself," continued Malone, "to see that this man is brought to book for his attacks on my wife, on me, on the city of Harlan, and on the Iron Company that I have the honor to represent. The Iron Company may have something to say to him for his attacks on me! The Iron Company stands back of its faithful employes!"

"Pardon me," said Darling, coolly, "but I think that you are mistaken in supposing that you are still an employe of the Iron Company."

For the first time that evening Malone turned to Darling and recognized him.

"What do you know about the Iron Company?" he thundered. "You come here with your dude ways and mock at better men. I am part of the Iron Company, sir, and not a small part, either. Officer, remove the prisoner!"

Darling forced his slender figure closer to the bulky Malone.

"Wait a moment," he said. "Miss Louise Hilton, here, being a single woman and of legal age, has surely got the right entrance of Gaylord in court. Will this suffice, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Put her under oath and compel her to make a statement as to her property!" cried May. "This is all irregular."

"Don't be so hasty," continued Darling, still coolly. "She can put up collaterals to the value of more than half a million. Examine them, sheriff."

The attorney took the papers extended by Darling and ran them hastily through his fingers. His attitude of contempt changed as his eyes took in the full import of the transaction. His face assumed a look of awe, looked frightened and cowed. His hands trembled as he passed the papers to Malone.

The iron master glanced at them a moment and sank into a chair, groaning.

"And what is the sheer of all these papers?" he demanded. "These are bonds of the Iron Company. Who is the owner of them all? Why should they be brought here?"

"They are offered as collateral to the sheriff to secure the present release of Mr. Duke," said Darling, in a cajolas," replied Darling. "They are offered by the owner, the owner of all the bonds and ten-fourths of the stock of the Iron Company, Miss Louise Hilton, of Boston!"

May was leaning against the door casing now, with all the company observing his cowardice in defeat. Mrs. Malone stood by his side, her face white to the lips, her eyes fixed on Louise.

"To own the iron mill! That slip of a girl! To own the iron mill!"

She hardly knew what she was saying. One of the guests brought her a glass of water, but she waved it away. In a moment she went over to her husband and took him by the arm. He looked dumbly up to her, but did not speak. The defeat was so crushing that he could not yet collect his thoughts.

Even those who stood by in their evening dress and diamonds, who had hoped for the defeat of his monstrous plan, felt sorry for him now.

"Come, Dan," said the wife, faithful in defeat, "if us there we were going."

It meant that the Iron Company was behind him no more. It meant the failure of all his plans, some of them more laudable than those concerning Duke. It meant the dropping of his life work, the surrender of the books of the Company into hostile hands. It meant an accounting!

Louise advanced toward Mrs. Malone, legally standing by the beaten man, facing the scornful and pitying eyes about her, and started to speak, but the woman turned away and covered her face with her hands. Then the girl in the uniform of the department store leaned upon Duke's arm, and asked to be taken away.

By this time Duke was so dazed with the marvelous turn that were taking place, that he walked about like one in sleep. Louise aware of the iron mill! It must be a dream, he thought. It was too wonderful. The wedding reception which had been given for her, the presence of his friends about him as he supposed, cast her out, the downfall of Dan Malone!

When Duke and Louise were gone, Darling handed Malone a paper.

"I received this an hour ago," he said. "It seems that there was a meeting of the stockholders of the Iron Company at Boston tonight, and that you were dismissed from the service, under charges of fraud. Duke was chosen in your place. You were not to be notified tonight, but you shouldn't have come here kicking up a row."

The wedding guests who were gazing upon Malone, listening to his disgrace and seeing the change coming over his rugged face, turned away in pity for the old man. May, too, turned away, and was never seen again in Harlan. Malone, it was true, indicted for bribery and forgery, but was never brought to trial.

"You spoke a moment ago," continued Darling, "of having attached Duke's property. In this connection I would like, isn't it, that while this was being done your own property would be attached by the Iron Company. You stood there with a warrant for Duke, and one of the officers of the law been following you with a warrant charging embezzlement. Here he is now. Don't you now think you shouldn't have come here last night, with your officer, old chap?"

The detective who had followed man tried to summon his old nerve back, but it was a failure. He rose up in the chair into which he had dropped, but sank back again. His occupation was gone. He had lived in the iron works, for years, and, as a fair standard of success, had ruled there, and in Harlan, royally. Now it was over. His mania for command and ownership had carried him too far. He had embezzled dollars in debt to the Company, fraudulently in debt! He was at the mercy of the law, and the society of the best, but for Mrs. Malone and by Senator May, all with his own connivance.

"Come, Peggy," he said, rising to his feet like an old, old man, and sulling a pet name for his wife which he had not used before in years, "let us go. It is jail for me."

"Where is the man, Darling," asked, who owns the iron mill?" demanded Mrs. Malone. "She knows!" replied Darling. "She will insist on sending Dan to jail, away from me, at the Hill Top Inn, by Mrs. Louise Hilton. She won't send him to jail!"

"Don't you think," said Darling, slowly, never taking his eyes from the woman's excited face, "that you're asking too much of Miss Hilton, that you've been unfair to her after what took place at the Hill reception, when you struck her down with your cane? Malone and May wanted to send her to jail from the restaurant, you know. So, on the whole, don't you think you've asked quite much of her now?"

"I don't understand!" cried Mrs. Malone, passionately. "You don't know what it is to have your husband taken away from you in a single moment. You don't know how much a man would want his wife at such a time!"

"Go in and see Miss Hilton, then," said Darling in a voice that was not quite natural. "She is there with Duke, with the new president of the Iron Company. You may be able to coax her to induce him to have the service of the warrant suspended."

But the door had closed the two rooms closed the people who had come to the wedding reception, and the wife's scheme for this humiliation of the iron master waited eagerly for her reappearance.

"She's got her nerve to ask such a favor of Miss Hilton, after what she said to the girl on the night of the reception!" was the sense as a rule all pitied the woman and wished her success. But the door remained closed, place in that room neither Duke nor Louise came forward. And then, a few moments later, Mrs. Malone appeared at the door, there was hope in her faded eyes. Malone, under her anxiety, took courage, and advanced to meet her.

"Miss Hilton says," said the woman, standing before Darling, "that it shall be as you say. Miss Hilton pleads for Dan! Will you thank her for that? I couldn't!"

Darling looked Malone over carefully but turned at this time to the woman.

"You don't deserve it," he said to the iron master, "but I know what I am expected to do. I think I know what Sis wants, don't you know? The warrant can be served at another time and place."

Without an indication of gratitude in word or look, Malone turned on his heel, offered his arm to his wife, and passed out. The next day the warrant was returned unserved, and it was stated that Malone had made restitution and taken his departure from Harlan. It was never known how much of the money he had stolen was paid back. Louise and the new president laughed when the question was asked them. "It is none of my tally business," said Darling. "Sis wanted it that way."

CHAPTER XX.

AN OBSTINATE YOUNG GIRL.

After all the elaborate and expensive preparations, it was by no means the merry wedding which had been anticipated, for the Malones had brought in a shadow of tragedy and sorrow which all could not at once throw off. After the departure of the ex-iron master and his wife, the ceremony had taken place in the private dining room, as at first arranged, and not in jail, as Malone had kindly counted on! Duke was in his suit of brown, and Louise wore her department store uniform. Darling, looking as bored as ever he looked in his life, gave the bride away, and commented sagely on the fact that she was wed in a uniform of servitude.

When the guests were gone, and Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Lawrence, and Mrs. Gaylord and Edith, had gone with the bride to dress for the trip to Harlan, Darling took Duke in the parlor and addressed him.

"You want to know why Louise, the owner of the iron mill, and a lot of property besides, ever went to the cashier's office and got a job, of course. And I've been chosen to tell you. She went there because she was a very obstinate young girl."

"When she became of age, a few months ago, she came into a great deal of money, and also into a bundle of fool notions about the responsibility of it all that. She wanted to know something of the life of working girls, and for all we could say to her, she went to Lawrence and got a job there."

"You may be sure that Annie Sydney Lawrence aided and abetted her in all she did," continued Darling, as she said to you, to keep you mystified, but I have a notion that Miss Annie understands. St. Peter at the gate she'll have to answer to many questions about false representations!"

"I see!" said Duke. "And then the drama was on with Annie as stage manager. Of course, Louise would have been a short game only for the mix-up you got into with Malone. They accused you of having thought that stirred all her fighting blood, and the game had to be played to a finish, that's more than one would have confessed to you if we hadn't run her off. That is why Louise had some near breaking down before them all, and I had to take her away that night, as I usually continued Darling.

"How you must have suffered?" laughed Duke. "Then," he added, "it was Louise who sent you away after money to save the mill?"

"You're jolly right there! The Hills were getting ready to run the concern for her, and she wasn't going to let them suffer for it. The game would have ended there, only Malone's lawyer-friends were trying to get that franchise for himself instead of Duke, and Louise knew that the day of confession was put off again."

"And was it you sent Duke to call Malone off before he attacked the bank?"

"Yes, we sent Mrs. Hill's wife from Boston, but he said he was boss until the end of the year. We were afraid of a riot, you see, for Malone, Mrs. Hill, and Mrs. Hill said Annie Lawrence helped her, Louise. Now, to continued Darling, "you can go and buy a book for a quarter, and read all about a girl wanting to be loved for herself alone. You go buy it, and you'll find out what a girl will do in such circumstances."

"At last we told her that you were the one Malone feared most. That you knew where she was, and all about her owning the iron mill, and Darling had made president of the Harlan & Coal Mountain Railroad, and Edith Gaylord-Darling rides with him in his private car!"

The End.

Alaska Cold.

"I see by this morning's paper," said the man next to the door on the street car, "that they are having it 5 below zero in Vermont and can't keep warm. I wonder what they would think of 40 below?"

"Great Scotia, but you don't mean to say you ever saw it that cold?" exclaimed the man addressed.

"A hundred different times, in Alaska."

"But I didn't know an anybody could live in that temperature."

"No? Why, man, we called that a sort of summer night-cap out there. We congregated the stove on account of the weather. Indeed, many of us took advantage of the sanguinary occasion to go in bathing."

"You don't mean to tell me!"

"And sit around on the benches at the door and wonder when we were going to get a cold snap."

"Good heavens!"

"And we'd drink ice water to cool off on."

"Just think of it!"

"And some of us would go barefoot."

"Well, well, well!"

"You see, my friend, it's all in the imagination. When Vermont freezes it must be told that. If it's 40 below and you imagine it's 60 above you'll find yourself sweating and using your hot fire a fan."

The other thought it over for a moment and then asked:

"Does the imagination also apply to other things? For instance, if I believe I'm sure a liar would it turn out that way?"

"Assuredly, sir—assuredly. Yes, sir, it would, and now that you speak of it I will have time to do your thinking and be glad that for once I have met a man since a man who lies and admits the fact."

Doubly Harmful.

De Quiz—Does he play cards for money?

De White—Yes.

De Quiz—Doesn't he know how harmful it is?

De White—He ought to. He loses enough, goodness knows.

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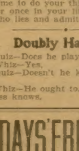

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BRIDGE.

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And never pause for word or smile;
I fan my cheek and hand to cool
And watch her eyelash all the while.
She scorns unconscious of my pain,
Or why I sink in deepest despair;
I follow and observe the game,
When hearts are trumps!

Last night a heavy cold her in thrall.
"Twere better far she chose a king;
She throws adversary to the winds.
What's best to hold away doth fling.
What matter if she spoil my play,
And never to my signal jumps?
I'll follow suit wherever she leads,
When hearts are trumps!

OLIVIA'S INDECISION.

Three facts stood out lustily in Olivia's mind: She loved him, he had asked her to marry him, and he had deliberately disregarded an engagement with her and gone motoring with the visiting girl!

Could she ever be quite happy with such a man? Surely his affection for her must be of a very flimsy quality, else he could never have been guilty of such unmitigated rudeness or carelessness.

What the future might spell for her—a world in which he had no existence—Olivia did not once pause to consider, for had unhesitatingly furnished the index to that future, and would not alter one jot or tittle to ignore it?

She dipped a determined pen in the ink. She had promised him her answer by Sunday, and although it was six days ahead of time every hour of delay seemed to her excited brain mere senseless procrastination. She wrote:

"Monday, June 7.

"My dear Mr. Chadwick—I find that I have not all the time necessary in which to make up my mind. We are not temperamentally suited to one another—our standards are so very different—and I can never be your wife. Most sincerely,

"OLIVIA CARTWRIGHT."

With her black eyes emitting little sparks of fire, Olivia sealed and addressed her letter and laid it in the basket to be posted.

She spent a chaotic day and a sleepless night. On Tuesday morning a tearful maid tapped at her door, explaining that she had dropped the letter in the mud while crossing the street to the mail box.

With a smothered cry of relief Olivia took the soiled and crumpled letter in her hand and tossed it into the trash basket. She had after all written too hastily and insincerely. He should feel the force of her contempt for his offensive act, and a second time she wrote:

"Tuesday, June 8.

"Dear Mr. Chadwick—Most assuredly I can never marry you, for that that I have permitted you to visit me occasionly does not in any way warrant your presumption in seeking my hand.

"Please understand, once and for all, that I belong to a conservative race, and am not so easily picked up, as, let us say, a girl of Miss Cadwallader's type.

"OLIVIA CARTWRIGHT."

Olivia's lips set tragically as she scratched the familiar address across the envelope in defiant characters. And lest she should relent, she hurried with her scathing reply to its destination, she rang for Geraldo, the butler, and bade him post it at once to the postoffice.

But scarcely had he disappeared from view when the first thought came to Olivia that he might think she was jealous. With flaming cheeks she rushed to the door and hurried after the rapidly dimming form in the distance.

She intercepted him with his foot on the postoffice step and took the letter. She was conscious of his surprise (he was human) and the excess of her emotions to do anything else that day, as Geraldo fled with a spitting headache.

The following morning, however, she rose at the usual hour, full of determination, and went to her desk. This time she wrote unconcernedly:

"Wednesday, June 9—"Dear Robert—I feel deeply honored by your proposal, but after mature consideration I realize that I cannot conscientiously become your wife.

"Do not attempt to see me again. That would only be an ordeal for us both. This is ultimate. Yours,

"OLIVIA CARTWRIGHT."

This, mused Olivia, was better than any recent effort. He could not possibly read between the lines that she felt the least bit wounded or piqued. And the part about not attempting to see her again was sufficiently crushing in a dignified way to satisfy the most exacting retaliation she might have. So, dressing herself quickly, she took the letter and posted it with her own dainty hands.

The morning after, as she sat leadened and disgusted over a late breakfast, her letter was returned to her in an official envelope. You have all guessed right.

Of course it was all crumpled and soiled from frequent handling, and she must needs write the whole thing over again. And on second reading she concluded that it would be wicked to say nothing about trying to see her—or would not when he had learned her decision. Again she sought her desk and applied herself diligently to her task.

"Thursday, June 10—Dear Robert—After sitting down to write you, I find that I cannot make up my mind to become your wife. Nevertheless, I appreciate sincerely the honor you have conferred upon me by asking me to share your future, and trust you may soon find a wife more in your way of it. Sincerely, OLIVIA."

White she was sealing it there came a timid rap on her door, and the maid handed her a special delivery letter from Chadwick himself! Olivia tore it open with repressed excitement and read:

"Dearest Olivia—You cannot I see you? I have haunted the house every night since Sunday, only to be repeatedly denied admittance. I am coming to see you today.

"Now, I particularly wanted to see you to explain about Miss Cadwallader. Harris asked me to drive Miss Cadwallader to Fleetwood Manor, as he had a car and I was not until we had started that I recollected about our arrangement to go over to Island Park. I was quite in doubt about having forgotten. I would not insult you with any trumped-up excuses, but I cannot unconsciously become your wife.

"Do not attempt to see me again. Then

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HEART WEAKNESS—Palpitation, Pain in Heart Side or Breast, Pain in Heart, Fluttering, Skipping, Pulsation or Beating of Heart, Throbbing in Throat or Excited.

CATARRH—Watery or Yellow Mucus or Stopped Up Feeling, Headache, Dropping in Throat, Pain or Fullness in Ears, Deafness, Hawking, Spitting, Hoarseness or Sneezing.

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"That seems to be all right," she said at length. A relieved murmur went through the room; then there was silence, as every one leaned forward.

"The joke," said a voice from the rear. "Let her tell the joke."

"Oh, it was such a funny joke," cried Mrs. Dressler. "You know, Ha, ha. You know—"

"Haw-haw-haw! H-ho-ho!" interrupted Mrs. Dressler's friends. Then Mrs. Dressler suddenly ended the concert by giving a shriek of pain and falling from her chair.

"Oh, Jack," she gasped, "shut up! She's dislocated her jaw again."

He set it again, and this time insured safety by sundry yards of bandage, and it will keep the joke bottled up till Mrs. Dressler gets out of Harlem hospital.

Man Goes Wrong.

City Controller E. S. Morrow had a comic, if somewhat embarrassing, experience one Sunday. It is his usual custom to come downtown for a short time every Sabbath day after church, and this Sunday was no exception to the rule. Having attended services in his church he asked the son of his pastor to accompany him, and together they came downtown. It was luncheon hour by the time they arrived, and Mr. Morrow and the young man went into a restaurant and had luncheon. When they had finished Mr. Morrow called the maid up into the pocket of his overcoat, which was hanging on a hook right behind his chair, and gave the waitress a tip. Carrying his overcoat on his arm he walked to the cashier's desk, paid the checks with that money and other money out of his overcoat, and with his companion left the quiet restaurant steps. The young man was smiling cheerfully when Mr. Morrow to Geraldo and said: "Are you sure that you took that change out of your own pocket?"

"Of course I did," said Mr. Morrow. The young man's smile became broader. "I believe I saw you take it out of your lunch into somebody else's coat pocket."

Mr. Morrow felt in his own pocket, counted his change and instantly bolted back into the restaurant to the table at which he had sat were a lady and gentleman. "Pardon me," said Mr. Morrow, addressing the man, "how much money did you have in your overcoat pocket?"

The man looked up surprised. "I had 90 cents there," he said at last. Then he felt in the pocket of an overcoat, the fateful garment which hung from a hook right next to the one Mr. Morrow had taken his own coat. "But the money isn't here now," he continued.

"No, it isn't here for I got it," replied Mr. Morrow. Then he counted out the proper sum and explained his mistake.

Senator Springs This.

Senator Eoite Penrose said of a movement that he opposed:

"It promises incredible things. In fact, it makes me think of Jack Downey of Pike County.

"Jack is an old man now. He remembers the time when bears were as plentiful on the barren mountains as rattlers still are. Well, I was fishing at Fourteen Mile Lake, I asked him if he had ever had any remarkable adventure with bears.

"'Well, no, Senator,' said the old man, as he filled his pipe with a fine plug, 'cept that I ain't ever had much to do with the bears hereabouts. Wunst, in my sparkin' days, I was out in the woods courtin' Mariar Annie Sukey, but that warn't nothin', though.

"'I sat quite a spell about over old Sukey's cow. She had a bad habit of stayin' out late at night. Then I'd have to go to the woods and fetch her home to the stable.

"'Well, one dark night when I wanted to be particular fine, for I was mad, I certainly rip my dander. I started out after the cow, singin' a blue chune, and about an hour I heerd her snortin' and puffin' in the thicket.

"'I reckoned my girl by that time, and I was riled clear through. I cut a saplin' and started in to lick her when she got dark to see, but I knew her snuffle, and I grabbed her by the tail and began to lay on with my stick just about proper.

"'The old cow showed fight. She wrestled me around considerable. But I was mad—mad all over—and I half pushed and half carried her to the barn, and then I tied her up tight and fast, and I milked her in the dark. Afterward I went to bed.

"'I certainly did have to laugh, though, when I came down the next mornin'. Gosh durned if I hadn't fetched and milked a big she bear.'"

Parlor Entertainment.

Is there anything in the world so pathetic as the spectacle of a young man showing his favorite card trick to a bunch of girls? The slaughter goes like this—man speaks first:

"I used to know a clever trick with cards. Miss Elfrida Jones, pick a card from this pack."

"I am to choose? Which one?"

"Any one you please."

"But how can I tell, when you show me only the backs and the backs are all exactly alike?"

"Just take one at random."

"Oh, but that's hard. Well, here—I've got the queen of diamonds."

"Oh, you mustn't tell me what you have. I'm to tell you that, you know. Put it back and take another."

"Why, can't I keep this one? I can remember it better."

"There wouldn't be any trick. You see, you are to take a card that I don't see, and then I'm to find out the one you looked at."

"Oh! Why, I don't believe you can do it! All right, I've put mine—"

"Look at it and put it back in the pack."

"What part of the pack shall I put it?"

"Anywhere you like."

"But I should think you'd want to know so you could tell which card it is. Well—there!"

"Now I shuffle them, so. Presto! Is this the card you chose?"

"Oh, I don't know—I forgot to look and see what one I took. Oh! Here's Mary—now there are enough to play bridge. Mary, you should have been here sooner—Mr. Jones has been showing us the most wonderful card tricks!"

Some men don't know enough to get married, and some others know too much.

THE DEMAND OF WEAKNESS.

Tell me lies, I'll doubt you!
Tell me truths, I'll hate you!
Spare me either—still me neither,
And my love will wail you!
I am not worth your torment;
Fool me gently—tell truth smartly—
Keep me half-enlightened!

Magnify my virtues,
Minimize my failings—
Sympathize like a father,
Soothe my self-made sillings,
Laugh whenever I hurt you,
Weep but when you can—
Be a human, lover-wise woman—
I am but a man!

THE TORTURE CHAMBER.

Capel was no coward; but as he rang the bell at Doctor Haverford's he made a grimace. Plenty of people who are not cowards do the same—presumably, to the amusement of the dentist's neighbors whose windows overlook his threshold.

At this very moment, Capel, in fact, caught a glimpse of a girl's face peering from behind the curtains of the adjacent house. She was laughing at him, no doubt. She must have seen many reluctant souls ringing that bell, and not infrequently be-traying by hesitancy or learning that the dentist perchance was not at home.

Capel was on the point of glancing again at the lower curtains—when he felt that he was rather a pretty girl—when he found the dentist's servant talking, telling him that her employer had been called out for a few minutes, but would be back at once. Would Capel come in and wait for him? Capel agreed. He was determined to get rid of that tooth that day, at all costs. He could stand its pangs no longer.

The servant showed him into the waiting room, and Capel at once realised that its window was the one that he had supposed to belong to the next-door house. Yes; and here was the pretty girl who had glanced out from behind the curtain. A very pretty girl, by Jove! he reflected. And evidently she was waiting for an interview with the dentist, like himself.

She was pretending to read a magazine, but as Capel entered she glanced up interrogatively and half rose from her chair. She had evidently expected that the entrance of Capel meant that the dentist was ready to receive her; but the servant shook her head, and the girl sank back again. Capel could see from her that she sighed, and that her sigh meant relief.

Capel wandered to the table, where an array of magazines and newspapers was spread. He chose a paper, and sat down; and only to Fleetly, his eyes scanned his pretty companion.

She was very nervous, that was clear. Her hands trembled; she started with apprehension at every sound. Poor girl! Capel wondered whether she was going to have a tooth filled, and was dreading the baleful whirr of the electric drill, or whether, like himself, she was prepared for the more momentary agony of the extraction. Even he, with his masculine nerves, had to draw on his store of fortitude to face the dentist's probe; how much must it be to a frail and delicate girl?

At last she ventured to speak.

"You, too, are waiting for the dentist?" he said.

The girl lifted a pair of blue, frightened eyes to his.

"Yes," she said—"yes; I am waiting for Doctor Haverford."

"He should be here; he would be back presently," Capel remarked. "But I dare say the dentist's work is always a hurry for his return—eh?" And he laughed.

The girl laughed, too. Capel thought the laugh a trifle more affected than he noticed that her teeth were regular and beautiful. One could easily suppose that she was the last person on earth to need the dentist's attentions; but the nervous appearance of teeth is deceptive.

"Personally," she said, "I am in such pain that an extra twinge won't matter much. I shall yell—I know I shall! It always is my first indication of pain. But it is involuntary, and"—he laughed encouragingly—"a reflection on Doctor Haverford's skill."

"Is he good dentist?" she asked.

"Excellent; I assure you!" Capel hastened to say. "You need have no fear of his hurting you unnecessarily. No one could be more considerate. If he were not a dentist, he would be a delightful fellow in every way, but I'm afraid I'm too human to forget his profession. I wonder who makes friends with dentists? Not their clients, I warrant! Not my service dentists. A dentist's wife must have strong nerves, I should imagine, to be able to listen to the sounds from the surgery without shrinking."

The girl's face blanched.

"It must be terrible!" she breathed. "I couldn't bear——" She did not finish the sentence.

Capel finished it mentally. He could quite believe that so tender a creature could not bear to imagine the experience of living in a dentist's house of daily, hourly torture.

"I've never known any girl who has married a dentist," he said. "Have you?"

She smiled back at him.

"It would take some pluck," she surmised.

"Or else a heroic devotion."

Capel began to have an inkling that this girl and he were understanding each other remarkably well, and the thought elated him. Her pretty flattered him—and his presence cheered her. There was something like "clinging" in her attitude toward him and tones of conversation. She seemed to say, "Don't stop talking; or I shall begin to brood." And her gaze thanked him, wordlessly, for his enlivening chatter.

If struck Capel that, even this not a dentist's waiting room, they might have been consulting a wild fortune. She was a girl of spirit, notwithstanding her nervousness; she had "go" in her, he was sure.

"I must ask Doctor Haverford whether he ever thinks of marrying——" Capel was resuming when there was a step outside, the sound of a latchkey in the front door and a footfall in the hall. The dentist had evidently returned. Capel was rather disappointed that he had not been called in the meantime; but he could be back at once. Would Capel come in and wait for him? Capel agreed. He was determined to get rid of that tooth that day, at all costs. He could stand its pangs no longer.

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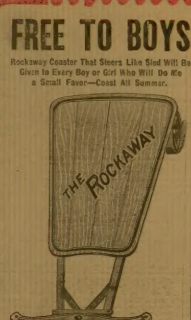

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THE BOY 'AT SITS IN BACK O' ME.

The boy 'at sits in back o' me at school
He's goody-good, an' learns his joggerfee,
'N he's scared to death fer fear he'll bust a rule.
But teacher don't like me at all, fer,
When somethin's wrong, why, I get
Jammed fer it,
An' he gets off—because he combs his hair,
The boy in back o' me.

One time we got snowbathin', and at last
We hit "against" Blakey's little sister, an' Gee!
I got called down fer it, an' when I
Explained,
I got it good and proper, an' he went
Free.
Why, just because 'twas me 'at threw the ball,
They never said a word to him at all,
The boy in back o' me!

Next day I brung a mouse to school, an'
As they sang "Little Workers," it got
out, an'
You never see such fun! I thought I'd
bust!
The kids all hollered an' laffed an' so
did I,
And then I got sent home fer pa to trim.
It's funny how she never picks on him,
The boy in back o' me.

An' once when we was studyin' some old
stuff,
Us kids, we had a circus shootin' wads;
But spit-balls
Teacher she saw it, and she said, "That's
enough!"
An' sent me to the office, and when he
Came in an' asked me who'd been ralsin'
Hell,
And who it was 'at spoiled our school, I
said,
"The boy in back o' me."

Once teacher was sick, an' our room had
a sub,
An' we all yelled an' laffed an' stomped,
She hammered the desk just like she had
a club,
An' said 'at she'd have order, or she'd
An' say! the boy our teacher says is best,
Why, that day he was worser'n all the
rest,
The boy in back o' me!

Why She Feared.

"There!" said Miriam's mother to Miriam's aunt, as she left the little hair ribbon. "Now the child is quite ready and we can have a little talk before lunch. You know the three Ide girls are coming to tea."

"Oh, are they!" said Aunt Ruth. "I'm so glad. I've never met the three Ide girls."

Miriam had never met them, either, but he liked good and afternoon tea with her mother—that is, she had milk and bread and butter while her mother had tea—she thought she would probably meet them that day. Usually Miriam was a sociable little girl and liked to meet her mother's friends, but now, for some strange reason, she seemed quite alarmed at the idea.

"Oh, mother, please, I don't want to see them!" she cried.

"Not see them!" said her mother. "Why not? I particularly want them to know you. You know they are good friends of mother's, and never come even Scotland a long while."

"I know," said Miriam, shaking her nicely brushed curls—"I don't want to meet them! Strange—because I didn't eat enough breakfast and I'm not strong enough!"

"Oh, that's nonsense," said her mother.

"Well," said Miriam, "I don't believe they'll like me because I'm so very much afraid of them!"

"Why, you little goose it is," said Aunt Ruth. "Why should you be afraid of them?"

"I think they must be dreadful!" protested Miriam.

But by that time Miriam's mother and aunt had decided not to pay any attention to Miriam's remarks and they began talking about whether Miriam's aunt would better get a brown hat or a black hat. So Miriam went down into the drawing room in her pretty white dress and blue ribbon, and wondered whether she would hide somewhere and go without tea.

She went and looked in the glass box to help her make up her mind and she saw there some of the plumpest little plummy cakes imaginable.

"I guess I'll stay to tea," she said slowly, "but I wish I didn't have to meet those dreadful people. Maybe I could hide behind the sofa when they first come and if they're very horrid I could run away."

So she hid behind the big sofa, and after a while the doorbell rang. Then Ellen opened the door, and three young women came into the drawing room, while Ellen went away to tell Miriam's mother.

Miriam peeped cautiously out and gave a big sigh of relief.

"Dear me!" said one of the young women, "who's that?"

"It's only me," said Miriam, scrambling out. "I thought you were somebody else I didn't want to see."

And so from behind the sofa when somebody calls that you don't want to see, they find the prettiest young woman. "I wish I could—"

"Yes," said Miriam, "but I'm glad I come out this time. Do you like plummy cakes?"

The prettiest young woman did like plummy cakes, and she and the other two young ladies thought that by the time Miriam's mother and Aunt Ruth came down Miriam was sitting on the lap of the prettiest young woman, talking with the second and holding the muff of the third.

"Well," said her mother, "you aren't afraid of these visitors after all."

"Are these the ones you said were comfortable?" asked Miriam in astonishment.

"Why, surely," said her mother, "why should they be?"

"Why, you said," exclaimed Miriam, "that they were three very old girls, and these only have two eyes apiece!"

One Baby Left.

There is a department store where mothers can leave their babies in a nursery, go do all their shopping and then come back and get the nursery and get their babies to take home again. The babies are all tagged and each mother has a little ticket that has the same number as the tag on the baby. A mother is not allowed to take another baby unless she gives up the tag, because otherwise she might be kidnaping and then it would be a pity.

The nursery scheme worked beautifully for a long time, but one day there came a woman who said she had lost the ticket for her baby. She couldn't imagine where she had lost it, because she hadn't even taken the baby out of the carriage, or put a hat and a mag and a pair of shoes. But the nurse said her baby must have got out the right one.

The nursery people would not let her have her pick. She might get her own baby and probably would, but then, she might get some other mother's baby, so they made her wait. They told her that the mothers would call at the other mothers had claimed their babies and that then she might have one left.

The mother waited and waited, and after she had waited a long time all the mothers but one had called for and took them away. Then the nursery people called her to the place where the babies' cribs were and she saw that all but one were empty. Accordingly she went to that crib, but she did not see a baby in it. There was only a baby like the ones the other mothers had taken away. The one that was left was a little darky baby, with brown eyes and kinky black hair and big black eyes.

"Why, that's not what mother did! Do you think she fainted and then woke up and called the police to search for a woman that had carried away a little pink and white baby, baby?

She just bent over the crib and took up the little colored baby in her arms and kissed it tenderly. Then she was colored, too, and it was her baby.

Counting.

Why do we count by tens and not by twelves? It is unfortunate that our system of counting is based upon a number so that the first number of two figures that is divisible by three numbers is not by "12." Twelve can be divided by two, by three and by four, and it can be divided by only two and five. You can see how much better and easier it would be to reckon sums and figures when you must divide the numbers every once in awhile, and you might think that the people that invented numbers would have seen this long ago, but they didn't. Nubs and Lera were already invented before people knew that there could be such a thing as twelves.

Look at your hands and you will see why people count by tens. Every one counts on his fingers sometimes, and there was a time when not every one could do even that. Some savage tribes in Africa are so stupid that they cannot count above five. When they have got that far they say they have counted a "hand," and two "hands" are a "man." If men had been born with twelve fingers instead of ten, we should have counted by dozens almost from the beginning.

THE AMERICAN KID.

[Scene: Any public park in any American city.]

The park is a babel of babies
Of varying nations and bloods,
All racial connections, all shades of complexions,
All styles and conditions of duds;
The place is a riot of races
That know where the stork's neat is hid!
Oh, every known breed from the Slav to the Swede—
But where's the American "kid?"

The park is a babel of babies—
The gnattle is hers and the Jew;
Italian and Spanish and Irish and Danish,
The Turk and Armenian, too.
The place is a riot of races—
Who will not from trouble be rid,
Such old-fashioned ways aren't "classy" these days—
But where's the American "kid?"

The park is a babel of babies—
And every babe in the place,
Or crying or crowing, is part of the growing
The coming American race.
Hurrah for the many-tongued people
Who do as their forefathers did!
Our country will take all their babies and make
Each one an American "kid!"

John o' Groot.

Away up at the northern end of Scotland there is a place where John o' Groat used to live. That is to say, a wise man lived there. John was a Dutchman, and he and his two younger brothers, Malcolm and Gavin, thought that they would along with them when they came over the sea from Holland. The families grew, as families will, and it was not many years before there were eight families altogether. Now, all the descendants of John and Malcolm and Gavin used to meet once a year at John's house, and finally the question arose as to which family was the most important and should have the right to precede all the others in entering the dining hall. John o' Groot promised that he would solve the problem by the meeting-time of the next year, and when the next year came around the assembled families found that John o' Groot had built a new dining hall with eight sides, in every one of which was a door. With eight doors, all the families were able to come in together, and his wife was relieved of the difficulty was noised about Scotland, and John o' Groat became one of the most widely known men in the country.

The Cats Fought.

A troop of soldiers once garrisoned at the town of Kilkenny in Ireland amused themselves by tying together the tails of two cats and hanging the beasts over a clothes-line and then they might fight. An officer heard what was going on and went to investigate, but his coming was reported by a lookout, and one of the soldiers freed the cats by cutting off the two tails near the heads. The mutilated cats were hustled out of the way, but the two tails remained hanging over the clothes line in sight of the officer. When the officer inquired the reason for the presence of the two catless tails hung over the line, the soldiers told him solemnly that the cats had fought and each had devoured the other, leaving nothing but the tails.

Leap Year.

When the men will not propose marriage in the women, the women must wait until leap year, and then they may do the proposing. There is a custom more talked about than practiced, but it was ignored in Scotland in the year 1228. If we may believe what we hear. An act of the Scots Parliament, translated into modern English, is as follows:

"Ordered that during the reign of her most blessed majesty, Margaret, every maiden, of both high and low estate, shall have liberty to speak the sute and be heard. If he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulcted in the sum of one hundred pounds or less, as his estate may be, except and always it be can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman; then he shall be free."

THE DAISY.

There is a modest little flower,
So very pure and sweet,
That children gather every hour,
With graceful, dancing feet.

This is the daisy, as you may tell,
With its golden eye;
No prettier flower could you ever find
If you searched with all your might.

Nature gave it a crown of gold,
With a dainty edge of pink,
And its petals fair were made to hold
The dew, so fresh, I think.

Blessed Sleep.

There is a boy not far from here that liked to sleep late Sunday mornings. The minister at the Methodist church scolded him for not coming to the services and made it so unpleasant for him at home that now the boy gets up for breakfast every Sunday morning and usually has to go to church. But just to spite the minister, the boy always sleeps through the sermon.

A QUESTION.

"O, don't!" I cried, as I studied head
Uprose by my sewing chair,
Upsetting the scissors, the needle and thread,
So carefully sorted there.

Then sober eyes looked into mine,
A low voice promised, "I won't!
But tell me, what is it I shall do?
Tell me, what sha'n't I don't?"